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DEEPER—HIGHER.

BY WM. TIRRELL.

O, earthly love is but the silvery gleam
Of brighter golden love to be;
It lines the clouded life with radiant beam
And banners freedom still more free:
The sun pours light on pigmy earth,
But greater light brought sun to birth.

Our souls peer through our eyes, but, ah! our eyes
See but the things of deed and fact;
'Tis not till in the life of death we rise
That soul with spirit's power can act:
Our earth-bound soul can but discern
That it has greater life to learn.

We look abroad, and vastly see the range
Of hill and peak, and meadowed home,
And watch the lake with mirrored portraits change
As angel clouds wing o'er blue dome:
But these are weakest rays of sight,
The soul will range remotest light.

We pluck the blade, the leaf, the bud or flower,
Our senses worship—even kiss
This earthly joy, as one whose golden hour
Is life for present senses' bliss:
We prize it for its ritual gay,
But it has deeper things to say.

The poet writes; musician chants his theme;
Each sings his words or strains to tell
To world of fact his inner world of dream—
A sounding ghost of silent spell:
But words and strains are not the soul
Whose utmost sounds its deeper goal.

And so our lives are like imprisoned flames
From one immortal free-born fire,
That through our prying selves proclaims
The source divine of that desire
Which to our souls in fitful strife
First hints of death—then speaks of life.

A SHADOWED LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR WESTWOOD'S SECRET," "MARJORIE'S TRIALS," "HEARTS AND CORONETS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"MADAME LA COMTESSE does not receive to-day," announced the porter, stopping a visitor who would have mounted the stairs leading to Madame de Rougemont's apartments at St. Cloud.

The visitor was a young man, blond, with the air of a nobleman—as the porter—Dutertre by name—afterwards described him to madame's chambermaid, Mademoiselle Florine.

The young gentleman looked very much chagrined at madame's failing to receive him. He even pressed Monsieur Dutertre to deliver his card to madame, with the message that he was leaving for England the next day, and would not have another occasion to pay his respects to madame. This message Monsieur Dutertre, knowing what he knew, with an expressive glance at Mademoiselle Florine and a shrug of his round shoulders, could do nothing but excuse himself from delivering.

"Madame does not receive. Madame is ill in bed. What will you?" Monsieur Dutertre was compelled to say something.

"Naturally. Monsieur has reason," Mademoiselle Florine assented; and she too shrugged her shoulders.

Then she tripped up-stairs, saying to herself as she went, "Ah; the poor dear young lady!"

Arrived at the top of the stairs, the chambermaid opened the door which led into the Countess's suite of apartments, and turned aside into her own room.

Here she disembarrased herself of her parcels, put off her dainty little bonnet and trim well fitting black jacket, and giving a little coquettish touch to the thick bands of her dark hair, prepared to report herself to her mistress.

She passed first through an ante-room into a saloon which was unoccupied.

Lifting the heavy blue velvet curtain, the lady's-maid entered a smaller apartment—madame's boudoir—furnished and decorated in much the same style as the larger saloon, only with certain little extra touches of luxury and taste which proclaimed it the inner shrine, the special sanctum of the goddess.

This retreat was all gilding and mirrors, with a great many windows and a great many doors.

The windows were draped with lace and rose-colored silk, the doors were panelled in gold and painted with Watteau figures, the couches and fauteuils were of blue velvet, and little Cupids carrying wreaths of roses were flying round in a circle on the ceiling.

The tables were crowded with costly articles of luxury, the mantelpiece was draped with duchesse lace and surmounted by a Louis Quatorze clock and Sevres candelabra.

The air was heavy with the perfume of flowers, the light came in softened and tinted by the rose-colored hangings.

And there amongst the Cupids and the roses and all the beautiful things Madame la Comtesse reclined on her couch, in an elegant demi-toilette, and with her still pretty features overspread with an expression of weariness and discontent.

"Is that you, Florine?" she inquired, as the maid entered.

"Yes madame."

"And you have brought me my fan and my bracelets?"

"Yes madame."

"And the flowers and the books, Florine?"

"Yes, madame, I have the flowers; but for the books I have found it impossible. The English names are so difficult for me. If Mademoiselle Estelle had been with me as last time! But I could not find them, and monsieur the librarian was absent. There was only a little lad, who could tell me nothing."

"But you brought me some book?"

"No, madame. I could not venture."

"How provoking! How stupid, Florine! And here am I bored to death! Nothing to read! If I am to endure this sort of blockade, imprisonment, I must have books," she muttered in English.

"Shall I return?" Florine suggested humbly.

"What is the use, when you are so stupid? You should learn English, Florine. It is peculiarly inconvenient to me to have a working woman who speaks no English."

"I will learn, madame," the little Frenchwoman promised.

"But for the books—if perhaps Mademoiselle Estelle——"

"Yes; mademoiselle may as well go. There will be no danger now," madame murmured to herself. "And I must have the books. You have the list, Florine?"

"Yes, madame, it is here."

"Give it to Mademoiselle Estelle. If you start at once"—glancing at the clock—"you will catch the express at four. And you must be back again in an hour and a half."

"Oh, yes, very sure, madame!" the girl answered demurely.

"Then be quick. There is not a moment to lose."

Florine passed once more into the larger *salon*, and, tapping at a gilded door which opened out from it on the left-hand side, was answered by a "Come in" in a sweet young voice.

A girl, young, fair, "beautiful as an angel," as Florine was in the habit of describing her, was sitting at the table writing—at least, writing materials were spread out before her; but the chambermaid's quick eyes saw at once through the little innocent sham of occupation.

Florine knew that the blank sheet of paper which lay before mademoiselle was the same sheet of paper which had lain untouched an hour and a half before, when Florine had penetrated to mademoiselle's apartment to inquire if she had any commissions for Paris; and the maid, who was not much older in years than mademoiselle, but ages before her in experience, knew that the young girl's real occupation had been dreaming.

There was an eager expectant look in the violet eyes which were turned towards the door at Florine's entrance, and a soft flush rose in the pure fair cheeks.

Florine could interpret both signs, and would have been grieved to disappoint them but for a consciousness which at that moment was all her own.

"Madame la Comtesse begs that mademoiselle will make a little promenade in the park. Madame desires that mademoiselle should take the air for a little hour. Madame has charged Florine to accompany her, since madame has not the intention to go out herself this afternoon."

Such was Florine's free translation of the Countess's commands.

A shadow crossed the girl's face.

"Madame is very good," she said; "but I have letters to write. I do not need the air. I will not go to-day."

"It is madame's wish." The maid hesitated over that autocratic wish which was the law of the household.

"Madame herself is indisposed; she does not receive this afternoon. The porter has orders to refuse her to all visitors." There was a little spasm of consternation, a whitening of the rosy flush, as the chamber-maid discreetly lowered her eyes before the effect of her last speech.

"Madame is resting in her room. Madame will not be disturbed. The air and the sunshine are charming. If mademoiselle would only make the little promenade——"

Mademoiselle rose with a sigh—a faint stifled sigh—not too faint for the quick ears of the little soubrette, who smiled to herself as she handed mademoiselle her newest and most becoming hat—a little brown velvet capote with a pink rose nestling amongest its soft curling feathers.

"Not that hat, Florine," mademoiselle remonstrated; "the black one will do."

"But the sunshine is so bright, and the Longchamps is over, and all the world is at its best!" the waiting-maid persisted, as she placed the brown feathers above the pretty chestnut hair which they became so well.

"And the black hat is already dismantled," she added, as with a dexterous turn of her deft fingers she divested the condemned head-gear of a portion of its trimmings. "It is what you English ladies call 'shabbee'!"

Mademoiselle yielded to these arguments, with a little weary shrug which said to herself—and to Florine too, for the matter of that—"What does it signify—the old hat or the new? What does anything signify, when he will go away to-morrow and I shall not have seen him again?"

She dragged herself wearily along in the spring sunshine which Florine had so extolled; she shivered in the shadow of the unrooted, ruined palace, but as she skirted the edge of the lake, her heart gave a great bound and the color leaped up into her face again; for, standing there under the trees,—no, moving now, coming towards her, was—he!

Discreet Florine dropped as far behind as regard for the proprieties would permit—a good deal farther than the French proprieties would have sanctioned, perhaps.

But Florine reflected that these two were English; and her experience of English people had already taught her that they must not be judged by French rules of conduct—that, while they were such prudes on one side, they allowed themselves license on the other which would ruin a French demoiselle.

And, for the rest, Florine was delighted with the little adventure.

The Frenchwoman's natural love of intrigue was gratified, and the dear lady, for whom Florine had an enthusiastic affection, was made happy; and warm in the corner of Florine's pocket lay the golden napoleon with which the gentleman had rewarded the little service she had done him.

Mademoiselle was walking along, her pretty head drooping shyly, quite unconscious of the little trick by which the meeting had been brought about, believing it to have been purely and fortuitously accidental—a delusion which the artful lover favored.

"This is a stroke of luck!" he said. "I was just going away in despair. Madame de Rougemont was not visible, I was told at your door. Dutertre was a very dragon; he would listen to no arguments. And how was I to go away to-morrow without seeing you once more? I have a hundred things to say to you."

And he said them there under the trees, with the young leaves whispering together overhead, and the birds twittering their love-songs all around, and the sunshine coquetting with the shadows—the old, old story, always new, always sweet, which makes the world beautiful to young hearts, thrilling in the spring-scented air, smiling in the sunshine.

Even the parting close at hand could not take all the rapture out of this supreme moment, when they had each other and hope, and the clouds which hung about their path seemed all at once light as gossamer, ready to scatter at a breath.

"It will all come right—it must come right," Tempest Mervyn said confidently. "I shall have my company in twelve months, perhaps sooner. My father will give in then. If he could only see you! That would be the most convincing argument of all," he added, with a lover's faith in the power of the attraction which has won himself.

"Is it a fact that Madame de Rougemont is ill to-day," he asked presently, "or——" He hesitated a moment. "Your aunt is charming of course—gracious, sympathetic; but"—he hesitated again—"is she as nice as she seems? Lately I have thought—— This sudden illness when she knew that I was leaving to-morrow and that this was my last chance, the missing you at the opera the other evening—two or three things—I don't know what, but a sort of fatality which has prevented our meetings when they seemed so sure—something has made me suspect an enemy in the camp, and that all this was not exactly accidental. Ha, I am right then!"

For the color had flamed up, staining the pure cheek, as with fever-fire, and the beautiful eyes drooped under his keen gaze.

"What is it? Has madame repented of her conditional consent, or—or is there some one else?" he demanded, with a quick flash of jealous fire. "Has madame found a better match for you than a miserable subaltern with nothing but his pay? It is not difficult, I know!"

"Don't, Tempest," she entreated—"Tempest, don't!"

"But it is so. You cannot deny it. I can see it in your face."

"Tempest," she said, laying her little daintily-gloved hand timidly on his arm, "it cannot make any difference, you know. There is no one else—there never can be—with me."

"My darling!" he answered fondly, seizing the appealing hand and holding it tightly in his own; then he added in a different tone, "Who is the fellow?"

"What does it matter?"

"Well, I should like to know the kind of rival Madame de Rougemont at least prefers to myself."

"I have not said there is any one."

"No, but you have not said there is not. And I know it—I have felt it in the air of madame's civilities of late." His color rose.

"Stay a moment; I will describe him. He is tall and dark and decidedly not in his first youth"—with a sneer. "He has a hook-nose and splendid teeth. He dresses like a Frenchman and bows like a dancing-master. He is rich, of course"—bitterly.

"He flatters your aunt, and sends her bouquets and places his opera-box at her disposal. He has a fine hotel in Paris and a house in the South and a villa at Nice. Oh, it is a splendid match! Hadn't you better think twice before you reject it?"

"Tempest!"

He turned suddenly and caught her to his breast, regardless of the proprieties, regardless of Florine in the distance. Only that the trees were thick just there and the path was little frequented, it would have been inexcusable.

"I am a jealous brute!" he said by way of extenuation. "But, Estelle dearest, I am afraid you are going to have a bad time. I wish my leave were not up—I wish I could stay and try a fall with my rival."

"He is not your rival. I—I hate him!" she exclaimed with fervor, extricating herself with blushing face from her compromising position.

"So do I," he returned; "but madame is a powerful ally and a dangerous antagonist, I suspect, and the absent are always wrong you know."

"There is another proverb concerning the absent," the young lady suggested archly. "It may be as true as yours."

"Will you promise me it shall be?"

He was holding both her hands, looking down into her glowing face, trying to search her downcast eyes. A real anxiety, a vibration of pain made itself felt through the lightness of his previous tone. Then the long lifted lashes and the sweet eyes, tender with misty unshed tears, looked steadily into his.

"Tempest, who should I promise? We have gone beyond promises—you and I. Promises are for those who do not trust one another or themselves—they are not for us."

"No; nevertheless I should like to hear you say that let what will come between us—opposition, silence, separation, or—or a dozen things which I can imagine——"

"Nothing can come between us. How can you think so?" she remonstrated.

"'Though guilt and shame were on thy name, I'd still be true,'" he half sang. "Do you know that song?"

"No," she said. "What is it?"

"I heard it once on the deck of a ship. I was coming from India; we were becalmed.

"A few of us got up an impromptu concert, and one of the fellows sang that song. It made an impression upon me; I don't know why.

"I have never heard it since, and I have forgotten most of it; but I remember the burden.

"A lover is testing his lady's fidelity, putting to her every imaginable case which might try her.

"'If whispering tongues should defame him, if sickness, sorrow, and every other ill should befall him, if, 'home returning, with hopes high burning and gold for her,' his 'bark should be wrecked near home,' and all lost, would she still remain faithful? To all and each she answers, 'I'd still be true.'

"Then he puts the case stronger still. 'Though guilt and shame were upon my name,' he says—real guilt and shame this time you perceive—not mere slander—would her love bear even this? And she answers bravely, 'Though guilt and shame were on thy name, I'd still be true.'

"Nothing can touch her constancy—not even these. I thought it very fine at the time. I was a youngster then."

"I think it very fine now," Estelle said, with kindling cheeks.

"So do I," he admitted. "And yet I have heard fellows argue that it is ignoble to love an unworthy object.

"To begin to love the worthless—yes," said Estelle; "but, if the worthless comes afterwards, it is too late—the love is already given. It would be unworthy to recall it. How could it be recalled? It is there—given."

"Yes," he said, "my first instinct about that song was right. 'Though guilt and shame.' It haunts me. It is foolish, is it not? But it simply means that I am going away, leaving the field to madame and her candidate—that I am blue in consequence? and trifles magnify themselves in that atmosphere. But nothing can come between us. There are your own words, dearest, sweetest, bravest! Say them again."

The little hands returned the pressure of his. She repeated earnestly—

"Nothing shall be less yours than I am now."

"I believe we shall have a hard battle to fight," he said, when he had thanked her in his own fashion for the assurance. "It is as well to be prepared for it."

The sunshine had gathered darkly again. The parting had come close now, and was brooding on heavy dusk wing over him.

Some inexplicable foreboding, some mysterious prescience of evil overshadowed him and communicated itself to the loving heart beating so close to his own.

"Tempest, you frighten me!" She caught her breath and looked up with terror in her eyes. "What is it? Do you know of anything new?"

"No," he said. "But, Estelle, if my father—he is a queer obstinate old fellow—if he should hold out——"

"Is that all? Is that what you are afraid of?" she answered, with a bright smile and a sigh of relief.

"Why, then, Tempest, we will wait—wait—a dozen years if necessary.

"What is time to us? We have each other all the same."

"Thanks, my darling. But you with the Countess and the Duke—it is an imposing title, Estelle.

"Oh, I should have liked to convict her of her perfidy!" His eyes flashed.

"It can't be very bad," she answered, trying to laugh. "They can't marry me against my will, you know; and I think, I believe that I can manage the Duke if he should be dangerous"—with a little arch look of consciousness.

"But the Duke and the Countess together? It may be a formidable combination," he said gloomily.

"Hardly. Why, Tempest, you must have been reading some very sensational novel lately!

"We shall not play the parts of oppressed hero and heroine," she laughed. "Our story will be very commonplace, you will soon see. The General will consent after a little while, and my aunt will be very amiable, and it will all end happily, like a fairy tale."

In spite of her brave playful words, there was a little tremble in her voice, a wistful shadow in her smile, which the lover was quick to note.

"And the Duke?" he said. "You have not disposed of the Duke."

"Why should I? He drops out of the story naturally."

"Confound him!" muttered the young fellow. "Still, Estelle, there are possibilities."

"Madame de Rougemont may carry you off to some out-of-the-way place where I cannot find you. I may be ordered abroad."

"Oh, Tempest," she cried, turning pale and clinging to him, making him thrill with a sudden sweet shock, "do you know that? Is that what is making you talk in this way? Are you really to go? Oh, I could not bear it!"

The pink rose drooped until it rested on his shoulder; he felt her trembling through all her frame, down to the tiny feet which rested on the velvet sward.

All the courage with which she had been trying to sustain herself had given way at the terrible prospect of separation.

And it was so sweet to him, that unguarded confession of her love, that he was tempted to prolong the sweetness, to linger over the blissful sensation, and to play with the tenderness he had evoked.

It was a minute or two before he reassured her.

"No, we have had no orders yet; it is only one of the things which might be, and it would be like my luck."

She did not look up; she was trembling still.

All the undefined fear, all the haunting sorrow which had been repressed throughout their interview had concentrated themselves upon this terror, and had broken her down.

"We shall not go yet. Perhaps, when we do go, I may take my wife with me," he whispered.

It was a wild fallacious "perhaps," as he knew, even whilst he pleased himself by picturing it.

There was a wide deep gulf to be crossed before he could win his happiness, long years of patient waiting, it might be, such as cause youth to fade and sicken the heart and make the happiness, when it comes, but a poor wan thing, the ghost of its first bright image.

None but himself knew what his father's opposition had been and was likely still to be, how little chance there was of winning over the fierce intractable old man who had set his face so sternly against the bride of his son's choice.

From his cradle upwards he had known his father only as the tyrant who is sometimes to be found ruling in our English household, whose only interpretation of parental duty is a stern harsh repression, whose one idea of filial obligation is unquestioning obedience and submission without any limit of age and circumstances.

What had he to hope from such precedents, when, too, the daughter-in-law he asked him to receive unfortunately came to him with a French *prestige* peculiarly abhorrant to the prejudiced old British soldier?

But if, some lucky accident, Estelle's personal influence could be brought to bear upon the old General, if he could be won over by the grace and beauty of the sweet young girl without knowing to what fascination he was yielding, the stern heart might be taken by surprise and the victory gained. If only it could be brought about! This was the lover's dream, a little discreet cough Florine broke up the vision with a reality.

"Pardon mademoiselle," she interrupted, "but the hour for the dinner approaches, and we have a long way to run."

They had wandered on and on under the trees to the farthest extremity of the park. All the better; it was just so far back again; the precious parting moments would still be prolonged.

But they had come to the stage when words were few and slow, and they paced silently along the path which was to end in separation.

The threatening gloom had settled down upon their hearts, the very sunshine had faded as if in sympathy.

Estelle did not even try to smile now; Tempest let the gloom wrap him round like a pall.

All the hopelessness of their real position, all the weariness, the heart-sickness of the waiting future swooped down upon them and swept away the joyful confidence, the blessed delight of their love.

It seemed to both of them as if some deadly blight, some evil influence which they could not resist, menaced them grimly out of the dark future.

"I feel as if I could not let you go," Tempest said, holding her tightly as they stopped for a moment near the blackened ruins.

"Our next meeting seems so far off!" And the voice which answered him was full of tears.

The brief joy had come and gone, and the young hearts were wrung with the pain of parting.

* * * * * *

"Madame has rung twice! Madame has asked for you!" Hippolyte, the *valet*, announced as Florine appeared. "You are late!"

Florine darted into her own room, threw off her walking-dress, and reappeared with a packet of books in her hand.

"Lacroix was in good humor to-day; he has sent me all my list," Madame de Rougemont remarked Estelle as they placed themselves at table.

"And that third volume has appeared at last. You were lucky to get it!"

"I?" stammered Estelle, staring at her aunt with puzzled preoccupied eyes.

"Yes—you. What is the matter child?" laughed madame, in a high good humor. "Are you dreaming?"

The madame remembered what cause Estelle might have for dreaming, and hastily changed the subject.

"Madame de Beaupretre gives a ball on the twenty-fifth," she said.

"The cards have just come. I have been planning our dresses—yours and mine.

"We will drive into Paris to-morrow, and see Ernestine about them. I shall appear as Madame de Pompador.

Monsieur de Grandvilliers has some splendid emeralds which will suit the costume exactly; he will lend them to me. They are heavily set in the style of the period.

They must not be touched; they are precisely the right thing just as they are—large pear-shaped stones which remind one of the Arabian Nights or of Alexandre Dumas." Madame was roused, eloquent.

All traces of ennui had vanished, jewelry and fine clothes being in question.

"And Monsieur de Grandvilliers has made an admirable suggestion for you," she continued—"Dorothy Vernon.

It is the very thing—a representative English type, as he says—and your style is so essentially English.

He has a charming picture of Dorothy which he will bring out to us that we may study the details of the dress."

"Monsieur de Grandvilliers was here to-day?" Estelle, suddenly roused, demanded.

"Yes, whilst you were gone," Madame de Rougemont replied, meeting without embarrassment the girl's indignant eyes.

"Dutertre is an idiot! I had told him I did not receive, and he sent Monsieur le Duc up! However, it did not so much matter; my headache was gone at the time, and, the cards happening to arrive at the same moment, I had the benefit of his opinion. He is a man of taste and artistic culture, so it was an advantage to me—to say nothing of the emeralds.

I consider it a lucky chance. But Dutertre must be more careful in the future. At another time it would have been an awkward mistake."

CHAPTER II.

THE 3.55 express (boat) train from Folkestone was one hour and twenty minutes behind its time at Eppingford Junction.

There had been a dense fog in the Channel, and the Boulogne boat had missed the harbor at Folkestone and run ashore on the rocks beyond, whence the passengers had scrambled to land, unharmed, but exceedingly aggravated and shaken by the fright and the delay.

The 4-5 slow train from Stargate, which expected to find the line clear as usual at Eppingford, was consequently detained and shunted incontinently into a siding.

The siding was constructed after the model of a tunnel, with corrugated iron sides, and with its mouth to the east; and the wind, happening to blow from the exasperating quarter, blew right through the line of stationary carriges and chilled the unfortunate "shunted" to the bone.

And, as all this happened in England and to Englishmen, there was a great deal of grumbling, and that of a very demonstrative character.

One passenger—a gentleman in a first-class carriage—made himself particularly disagreeable.

He was an elderly man with an aggressive gray mostache, dictatorial steely blue-gray eyes, and what the station-master called "military manners."

He harassed the guard, he bullied the porters, he nagged at the station-master—in fact, he made himself generally as unpleasant as an irascible autocratic old officer accustomed to command and impatient of contradition could well do.

"Disgraceful mismanagement! Intolerable bungling! Do you know, sir, that this is a breach of contract for which your company is liable to be sued?

"I shall sue it if"—taking out his watch—"if in consequence of their infernal mismanagement, I miss my train on into Hertfordshire to-night.

"Do you hear, sir?"

"Yes, sir; I hear you," the station-master replied respectfully but impenetrably

"The General thinks he is reviewing a brigade," a person in the next carriage remarked to another person, who happened to be the General's servant.

"Serve 'em right!" the man retorted emphatically and laconically.

"See here, sir," said the General, renewing his attack upon the much-tired station-master.

"I demand to be transferred to the boat-express when it stops here presently.

"Your company is bound to fulfil its contract to convey me to London by a certain time—that is, by 6-10.

"The express will do it; this train won't.

"I demand to proceed by the express."

Several other passengers made the same demand, and the station-master, overpowered, after consultation with the point.

The boat train was signalled presently, and transfer was made.

The General marching in the van of his triumphant contingent along the platform, came suddenly upon a head, singularly like his own grown younger, looking out of the express.

The blonde moustache drooped softly instead of bristling fiercely, the blue eyes blazed with youth and fun instead of passion and pride, the slight supple figure had not yet been drilled into the old soldier's.

The handsome gracious young face, seemed in a way, to interpret the grim old visage hardened by time and temper. The younger man changed color and half drew back at the first blush of the meeting.

The next moment he opened the door and sprang out.

"You hear, sir!" he exclaimed to the old General in the most cheerfully natural tone possible.

The General straightened himself suddenly, fiercely and shot a glance from under his shaggy gray eyebrows which ought to have annihilated the youngster.

"And you, sir?" he retorted, with more meaning than the occasion seemed to warrant.

"Yes; I crossed this afternoon"—the young fellow was trying to brave it out.

"We had a stupid accident—ran on the rocks between Folkestone and Dover. It delayed us an hour or more."

"Indeed!" The old man still bore himself stiffly.

'Here is a seat, sir." The son indicated a carriage half filled with passengers.

The General passed on and stepped into an empty compartment. The young fellow hesitated a moment, then shrugged his shoulders and followed his father.

"Now I'm in for it!" he muttered, with a grimace of resignation.

They sat facing each other as the train moved on.

There was the sort of hush between them which precedes a storm or preludes a battle.

The young man waited for the attack, trying to look unconscious the while.

The old man glared at him a moment from under his shaggy eyebrows; then he broke out:

"So, sir, you have been there again?"

"Yes, sir."

"You dare to tell me so?"

"You asked me, sir. I am not going to lie to you."

"Nor to obey me?"

"In this matter, no, sir. I must remind you that I have come to the age when a man claims the right to judge for himself."

"And to provide for himself also, sir, I presume?"

"I shall not be in a hurry to claim that privilege, I assure you, sir," the young man said, smiling.

"Then I advise you not to claim the other; they hang together."

"Surely, sir, you cannot mean to be so harsh, so unjust!"

"Do you use epithets to me? Do you bandy words with me, sir?"

"I am not a child."

"No; you are worse—you are a fool!"

The young man bowed and laughed pleasantly enough, without a shade of malice.

"I have no doubt you are right, sir—on general grounds."

"Once for all, sir, let us understand each other. Choose between that wretched infatuation of yours or—me!"

"I have no choice, sir. My honor——"

"Your honor, sir!" screamed the old man. "What has a beggar to do with honor? Give up the girl—confound her!"

"Stop, sir!" cried the young man, with a flash in his blue eyes singularly akin to the blaze in the steel-grey orbs opposite to him. "When you speak of the young lady who has done me the honor to promise to be my wife, I must ask you to speak in a different manner."

"Confound you, sir!" The General's oaths dropped like pistol-shots, sharp and quick. "Who are you, sir, that you should dictate to me how I shall speak of this girl—or of any other girl for the matter of that? No; hear me out, sir.

"Give up the affair, or—or—I swear it—I'll cut you off with a shilling! By the Lord Harry, I will!"

"Come, sir, leave me enough for a new hat! you see mine is uncommonly shabby" turning it round in his hands.

The young man had recovered his temper, which had been momentarily ruffled; he smiled with exasperating good humor over at the infuriated General.

"Hang your impudence, sir!" roared the old man.

"Stick to the point! I'll have this matter settled.

"You understand my terms—give up this idiotic folly or I withdraw your allowance;

"I leave you to your own resources, whatever they may be."

"Father," said the young fellow earnestly, appealingly, "I have no wish to displease you or to defy you.

"You were young yourself once, when you loved my mother."

"Don't drag your mother's name into the question! By Heavens sir, it is enough to make her turn in her grave to know that her son is attempting to bring a half-bred mongrel of a Frenchwoman into her family!"

"Father," the lover exclaimed eagerly, "Estelle has no more French blood in

her veins than you have! She was brought up in England by an English mother; she has been in France only a short time.

"She is the best, the sweetest girl I ever knew.

"See her and judge for yourself."

"I? Thank you! I will have nothing to do with her!"

"That is not fair, sir—indeed it is not!"

"There may be some questions—one or two only, I admit, but still one or two—of which I humbly think I may be a better judge than yourself. I beg respectfully to submit to you that this may be one of those questions," the old man returned, with what he meant to be cutting sarcasm.

"Not of this, sir, I assure you. You have not seen Estelle; you do not know her."

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated the old General.

His son was fast losing patience; he bit his lip until the blood came to keep back an angry retort. The General was shaking with rage, yet he swallowed his fury and measured his tones as he once more delivered his ultimatum.

"You will give it up, sir, or you know the alternative."

"Then I must take the alternative. I neither can nor will give up my engagement."

"I should like to know, sir, simply as a matter of curiosity—how you propose to yourself to become in a position to fulfil what you term the engagement between two paupers."

"We are young, sir; we can wait."

"Wait? For what?"

The young man hesitated, and was silent.

"You can wait—until I am dead. Is that what you mean, sir?"

"Well, I suppose I do, sir," the young fellow admitted unwillingly.

"My death shall not benefit you! I'll alter my will! I'll send for Woodgate to-night!" the General stormed.

"Sir, you shall not do this thing when I am gone!

"I'll disinherit you, you ungrateful, rebellious fool! I'll do it at once; by Heaven, I will!"

He was beside himself with passion.

The discretion which had prompted him to select the empty compartment had deserted him.

He hurled anathemas through the open windows, regardless of possible listening ears beyond the slight wooden partition.

He grew more violent, more arrogant, and insulting at each sentence.

Threats and wild passionate abuse were heaped up.

He said things which no lover could brook, no gentleman tolerate; and then the young fellow lost temper in his turn.

The train stopped for a brief interval at Woodford, the last halting-place on the rapid journey.

Just as it started again, the occupant of the carriage next to that in which the fray had taken place was nearly knocked off his feet next the door by the hasty advent of a young gentleman, who, with a curt apology, threw himself down in the opposite corner, and sat there, in an agitation sufficiently evident to the curious eyes which regarded him keenly—so that the young fellow, annoyed, turned his back upon them and looked steadily out of the window.

The train was speeding on past the bare poles of the Kentish hop-gardens, making up for lost time at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

Midway between two little country stations a gang of track-layers were busy repairing the line.

Their foreman, misunderstanding the signals or neglecting to look for them, concluded that the boat express had passed in the usual course, and proceeded to tear up the rails at a certain spot for a trifling job with which to finish his afternoon's work.

"Lord sakes," exclaimed a laborer suddenly, "what's that?"

The sun was in the foreman's eyes; he put up his hand to shade them as he looked down the road.

A thin black line was gliding round a wooded curve scarcely three hundred yards off.

The man stared at the line for a second, his eyeballs starting out of his head, his ruddy color changing to ashen gray.

Then he flung up his arms and dashed down the way like a madman.

The engineer saw a wild gesticulating figure apparently on the point of committing suicide, a group of workmen scrambling tumultuously up the bank; but, before he had time to connect these appearances with an impending personal danger, his engine reared and plunged like a leviathan at play; then, casting off all control, the dangerous monster tore madly across the road and precipitated itself down a steep incline, dragging in its train a hideous mass of ruin and of death.

The sunshine of the spring afternoon and the calm repose of the country scene were at once blurred and broken up by terrible sights of human agony.

Six or eight of the foremost carriages lay crushed into fragments on the top of the fallen engine, where it had crashed down among the young leaf-buds and the sweet spring flowers of a patch of woodland.

The overturned monster lay on its side, belching out hot clouds of steam and adding pain and horror to the scene.

Two or three carriages hung where the coupling-irons had given way, on the verge of the green incline; two or three more stood uninjured on the line.

It was down below that the full force of the disaster concentrated itself.

Thence uprose groans and shrieks and all the wild confusion of such an agonizing panic.

Remote as the spot was, help poured in quickly.

The handful of workmen hurried down from the bank, laborers ran from the fields; a gentleman's carriage, passing through the country lane, stopped and its occupants hastily got out, and a doctor on horseback galloped up, clearing hedges and ditches in his way.

The few uninjured passengers gave their aid, whilst the guard ran back to the nearest station to telegraph for efficient assistance and to provide against a second catastrophe on the torn-up line.

The work of clearing away the wreck and releasing the poor crushed victims dead and dying beneath it was sickening enough.

It was strangely incongruous too amidst such lovely peaceful surroundings.

Here the dead body of a little child was lifted up from where it had been cast down upon a bed of violets: there the pale primroses were pressed by a ghastly burden; and farther on the white hair and stern dead features of an old man lay low amongst the fragrant blue-bells and delicate drooping wind-flowers of the wood.

A heavy mass of debris was piled upon the chest and lower limbs of this last, and the workman who tried to extricate them could not accomplish his task single-handed.

He looked around for help. Above him, half way down the bank, he saw a young man sitting motionless, with his head dropped forward on his hands.

The workman called to him to come and help him.

The young fellow stared at him for a moment with dazed uncomprehending eyes, then let his head fall forward again.

"He's gone silly!" the workman muttered. "I'll leave this one where he is then. Poor old chap, it doesn't matter; he's past my help!"

The man went off to those his services would benefit more, and the young fellow sat still on the bank.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Candid Confessions.

BY EDWARD BAYNE.

WHEN Lydia Parker's mother died, she left behind her a big girl and a little boy, and a husband who was yet only a middle-aged man. Theodosia Parker was a conscientious girl, with a grave, handsome face, now greatly sobered by her mother's death.

That mother's last words had been, "Theo, be good to your little brother."

And Theo never forgot them.

When they were able to talk about the tragic event at all, father and daughter sat together, side by side, near the parlor fire, Ben on Theo's knee, and it was Theo who spoke first.

"I am going to devote myself to you and Ben, papa. I am going to give all my energies to educating him, and making your home comfortable.

"I will never marry. I will be your daughter only and Ben's sister, and I shall not mind being an old maid if only I comfort you.

"You are young to make such a decision; you are only fifteen," said the father.

"But I know my own mind, papa," said Theo.

"I believe you do, and I am glad you do," replied papa. "I am glad because I am of that disposition that I need a home, and to —to—place anyone in your mother's——"

Here he paused and wiped away a tear.

"Papa! you would never think of marrying again?" cried Theo.

"I was about to say I could never entertain the idea, since you devote yourself to our home. Were you a different girl I might for poor Ben's sake, some day be forced to——"

"Oh, hush, papa! I will never desert you," cried Theo.

So they settled down. Grown people marvelled at Theo's motherly ways, and little Ben was as well cared for as in his mother's lifetime.

He grew up strong, tall, and handsome, and betook himself betimes to studying law. By this time Theo was nearly thirty; her father's brown locks were iron gray; and by one of those mysterious dispensation for which no one can account, both were handsomer than ever.

Ben was proud of his father and sister, and they were proud of him. The friends of the family knew that Theo had sacrificed her "opportunities" to fill her mother's place; that Mr. Parker was too deeply devoted to his children to give them a stepmother, and that Ben intended to requite them for their great love of him.

Thus matters stood when, for the first time, they were parted for three months.

Mr. Parker found it necessary to go to Italy.

Ben was sent upon business of importance to Manchester, and Theo went to stay in the country during their absence.

Their correspondence was voluminous.

Theo was glad that Ben had found such pleasant young society, and that her father was lodging with so amiable a widow, while her own loneliness was much relieved by the attentions of the clergyman of the place, a man of five-and-forty, who took a great interest in her, and had a lovely family.

In September Theo returned to town, and found telegrams were awaiting her from her father and brother, and everything was well with them; "but," said the old servant, Martha, to herself, as she pottered about the room, hoping for a confidence which came not—"but something was the matter."

The next arrival was Master Ben.

He had good news to tell his sister as to an advancement in salary, but he could not meet her eye.

He blushed without reason, and fixed his eyes on the floor.

The sister, equally embarrassed, sought refuge in domestic affairs, and Martha was more puzzled than ever.

"What can it be?" she asked herself. "What can it be!"

And she had failed to find any answer to her query, when at eight in the evening a carriage rattled up to the door and the master of the house ran up his own steps, and was greeted by his son and daughter. He came in between them a little jauntier than usual, with a higher color and brighter eyes.

He talked about his trip; but he was a little unnatural.

They were all unnatural. Silence soon settled down upon the party, and as Martha retired after bringing in the supper, she was the more certain that something was the matter.

Meanwhile the three who were left together looked at each other, and Ben turned slowly scarlet. At last he said, "Father and Theo, I can see by your faces that you know everything.

"I feel very guilty, I assure you, but these things happen. I believe you will forgive me, though it is not what you can have expected."

"You have been extravagant, I suppose," said the father.

"However, happily, I am not poor. I can settle your debts, if they are reasonable ones; and I am sure that you have not incurred any for which I shall blame you severely."

"Debts, father? I have not one."

The father lifted his eyebrows in inquiry.

"Then what is it you have done, my son?"

"It is rather that I am going to do something," replied the youth, blushing.

"Oh, Ben!" cried his sister. "Who is she?"

"The prettiest little creature, and so good!—a girl. We've been engaged three weeks. I have her photograph up-stirs."

"Ah, that is it, Ben?" exclaimed Mr. Parker. "Only natural! Only natural!"

"What! You forgive me, father?" asked Ben.

"I'm delighted!" said the parent. "Delighted!"

"And you, Theo?" asked the boy.

Theo only hid her face in her handkerchief.

"Since we are growing confidential," said Mr. Parker, after a pause, "I fancy it will be a good time for my disclosures.

"My children, I—I have found—dear me, it is so difficult to express one's self. You know that I boarded with an estimable lady, the window of a barrister. Her eldest daughter—Sophia—I think you will like very much, Theodosia. She is older than you are, but very fine-looking. I—ahem——Really, I must have taken cold."

"Papa," cried Theodosia, "you marry her?"

"We are married my dear," replied the father—"some weeks ago. She is at a hotel now—rather anxious, I am afraid. Her last words were, 'We shall be so uncomfortable if your children are vexed, my love.'"

"Ben has no right to be vexed," cried Theodosia, rising and throwing her arms round her father's neck. "And as for me, I'm delighted."

"My dear Theo, what a good girl you are!" said Mr. Parker. "It was your displeasure I feared.

"After having sacrificed yourself for us, stayed single for our sakes, you had a right to be angry."

"I—I a right to be angry!" said Theo, beginning to cry, "Oh, papa! Oh, Ben! I dreaded to meet you; but the Rev. Alpheus Jones is such a fine man, so fond of me, and his four little ones need a mother.

"Their own died three years ago, and he persuaded me that it was my duty; and I—I like him so—he has such dove-like eyes, papa—and—I'm engaged, too, and I thought you'd both hate me for deserting you."

A hour after this, old Martha coming in to answer the bell, made up her mind that whatever the trouble in the family had been, it was over; and very shortly the new Mrs. Parker sent out cards for a double wedding reception, for Theo and Ben were married on the same day.

HOW MAN IS CONSTRUCTED.—The average weight of an adult man is 140 pounds six ounces.

The average weight of a skeleton is about fourteen pounds.

Number of bones, 240.

The skeleton measures one inch less than the living man.

The average weight of the brain of a man is three and a half pounds; of a woman, two pounds eleven ounces.

The brain of man exceeds twice that of any other animal.

The average height of an Englishman is five feet nine inches; and of a Belgian, five feet six and three-quarter inches.

The average weight of an Englishman is 150 pounds; of a Frenchman, 136 pounds; a Belgian, 140 pounds.

The average number of teeth is thirty two.

A man breathes about twenty times a minute, or 1200 times an hour.

A man breathes about eighteen pints of air in a minute, or upwards of seven hogsheads in a day.

A man gives off 4.06 per cent carbonic gas of the air he respires; respires 10.036 cubic feet of carbonic acid gas in twenty-four hours, equal to 125 cubic inches common air.

A man annually contributes to vegetation 124 pounds of carbon.

The average of the pulse in infancy is 120 per minute; in manhood, 80; at 60 years, 60. The pulse of females is more frequent than that of males.

Bric-a-Brac.

CHINESE PRISONS.—Chinese prisons are fearful places; the prisoners are put into stocks, and dead cats and dogs thrown at them by the gamins in the street. As a natural consequence the Chinamen have the greatest fear of arrest.

A WARM VILLAGE.—One of the villages of New Zealand is built on a thin crust of soil roofing over a vast boiler. So thin is the crust that in most places, after merely thrusting a walking stick into the ground beneath one's feet, steam instantly follows its withdrawal.

A PROFITABLE HUMP.—Speaking of the excitement about stock gambling in France, some centuries ago the Memoires of the Regency take notice of a hump-backed man who acquired, in the course of a few days, $150,000 by letting his hump as a writing-desk to the brokers in the street. A plan of Paris being about this time laid before Louis XV., then only ten years of age, the young monarch found fault with it, because the brokers' street was not distinguished from the others by being gilded.

UTOPIA.—The word is derived from the Greek, and signifies "No place." Sir Thomas More first used it to designate his model state, and feigned it to be located among the Atlantic isles. From this fiction, the term Utopian is used to denote theoretical or imaginary schemes or places. The republic of Plato was, in like manner, situated in the happy region of the west—even beyond the Hesperides islands. There may have been in the days of Plato, some knowledge of the American archipelago, and here his republic arose and flourished.

STRANGE CURE.—The famous Italian statesman, Cardinal Bentivoglio, was once so sick his life was despaired of from quinsy. The servants and physicians in fact thinking him already dead, had quitted the sick-chamber, and the universal silence emboldened the Cardinal's pet monkey to issue from the nook in which it had hidden itself. Putting on its master's red hat, the animal began to admire itself in the mirror, grimacing and chattering so comically that the moribund Cardinal burst into a violent fit of laughter, which broke the quinsy and saved his life.

THE ORANGE.—The orange is the longest-lived fruit-tree known. It is reputed to have attained the age of three hundred years, and been known to flourish and bear fruit for more than a hundred years. No fruit-tree will sustain itself and produce fruit so well under neglect and rough treatment. It begins to bear about the third year after building, and by the fifth year produces an abundant crop, though the yields is gradually increased by age and favorable circumstances. The early growth of the orange is rapid, and by its tenth year it has grown more than it will in the next fifty, so far as its breadth and height are concerned; but it is age multiplies its fruit-stems.

PORTUGUESE PEASANT GIRLS.—Nowhere among the peasants of any nation are met more barbaric brilliancy of costume than at a meeting of Minho country girls in holiday attire. The flashing colors of the very full, many-pleated stuff petticoats, the immaculate white sleeves and dark bodice, with its embroidered border, the gay kerchiefs over the dark locks and about the neck, and the profusion of filigree jewelry, a little gold being hammered out so as to go a great way, and expanding itself into cobwebs of delicate tracery, wattle iron earrings as large as the palm of a man's hand, and several pairs worn at once, the entire corsage covered with a cuirass of chains, hearts, crosses, and other ornaments, make up a *tout ensemble* which even Solomon in all his glory would have found it hard to rival.

COSSACK CUNNING.—The horse of a Cossack passing through Galatz fell suddenly and lay upon the ground prone and lifeless. The bystanders made up a purse for the rider, who bewailed his loss with tears. The Cossack removed the saddle and trappings, and walked away, leaving the crowd commiserating his faithful steed. A whistle was heard, and up jumped the dead horse, with a cheerful neigh, and ran to the end of the street to join the Cossack, who stood there awaiting him. Another instance is that of a Cossack who priced a piece of cheese, and, taking it up to examine it, placed it under his arm. While he was chaffering at the price, his companions walked behind him and sliced it away bit by bit. The vender was glad to come to any terms with his customer, as the article in dispute grew small by degrees and beautifully less.

A SHIP'S LOG.—The speed of a vessel is approximately determined by the use of the log and the log-line. The log is a triangular or quadrangular piece of wood about a quarter of an inch thick, so balanced by means of a plate of lead so as to swim perpendicularly in the water, with about two-thirds of it under the water. The log-line is a small cord, one end of which, divided into three, so that the wood hangs from the cord as a scale-pan from a balance-beam, is fastened to the log, while the other is wound round a reel in the ship. The log, thus poised keeps its place in the water, while the line unwound in a given time gives the rate of the ship's sailing. This is calculated by knots made on the line at certain distances, while the time is measured by a sand-glass of a certain number of seconds. The length between the knots is so proportioned to the time of the glass that the knots unwound while the glass runs down show the number of miles the ship is sailing per hour. The first knot is placed about five fathoms from the log, to allow the latter to get clear of the ship before the reckoning commences.

LOVE IS BEST.

BY J. A. A.

Listen to me, oh my darling!
While the roses blush and blow,
While the summer sun is shining
And the silver streamlets flow.
Flowers are fair, but flowers wither,
Even golden sunlight dies,
Sometimes the darkest clouds will gather
O'er the bluest Junetime skies.

Winter comes in snowy mantle,
Binds the brooks in icy thrall,
Stills the love songs of the thrushes,
And the robin's silver call.
All shall fade and die, my darling;
E'en your cheeks so rose-red now,
Shall grow pale, when Time, cold sculptor,
Wrinkles carves upon your brow.

Do you understand my lesson?
Lean your head upon my breast.
And here I will teach you, sweetheart,
Life is good, but love is best.
Love is best; it cannot falter
Under warm or wintery sky.
Love is best; no frost can chain it.
Love is best- it cannot die.

ARDEN COURT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY MARGERIE."

CHAPTER XVI.—[CONTINUED.]

"DR. HENRY, cried, Avice, rising hastily, "this passes patience. I must really ring for my servants, unless you leave the room, or at least cease this insulting conversation."

Her hand was extended to the bell, her eyes were steadily fixed on the audacious visitor; another moment, and the summons would have been given.

Dr. Henry quietly rose also, and placed his hand gently but firmly on hers.

"Avice Merton," he cried; "if you would not repent for your whole remaining life——"

She drew herself up, and her look proudly confronted his. Then her eyes drooped.

"What do you mean? What new audacity is this?" she asked firmly.

"It means, Avice Merton, that our destinies are identical," he replied. "It means that, however rich your possessions, and proud your heritage, I can give you a rich equivalent for all, ay, and more than all, you have to bestow. It means that you are to be my wife, Avice."

She looked at him with a stern, questioning, half-terrified look, that in vain strove to assume the appearance of fearless indignation.

He only smiled coolly, provokingly, in reply, and leading her to her seat, placed himself by her.

"Now, Avice," he said, coolly, "do you wish me to treat you like a rational, sensible woman, or a foolish girl? or yet more like a victim in my power? For myself, and for the sake of our future comfort, I should prefer the first. You will perceive that that is the tone I have hitherto taken, Avice.

I have not pretended to any desperate amount of love for you. I have tried not to assume any tyrannical or insolent power over you in attempting to prevail on you to assent to my reasonable proposal. I have assumed a different tone.

I have truly informed you that I have a sufficient degree of admiration for you, to make me perfectly content with you as a wife; and I have no doubt I shall make you a very good husband.

But, on the other hand, I have a claim on your gratitude, your compliance—I may say, your obedience, Avice."

In vain she tried to preserve a brave front; in vain the treacherous blood was kept sternly in her heart; in vain her lips were pressed together and her eyes kept unflinchingly on his, to preserve a degree of apparent innocence.

Well and bravely did she strive. Well and bravely did her trembling frame keep from betraying its emotion.

She could not deceive that keen, practised eye; she could not baffle that strong, determined will, that penetrating mind.

"What do you mean?" she said at last, with one more defiant, angry effort to carry her point.

"What do you mean? I insist on an explanation, or the cessation of this folly—this insolence."

"Oh yes, certainly," said he. "That can easily be given. But are you sure that you desire it, Avice? Are you sure that you can bear the revelation? Tell me, can you bear—do you wish for the truth?"

Her lips trembled, and she was very pale; still she would brave it all. To her there was at least a comfort in dying with a struggle.

With all her faults, there was no cowardice in her. She believed that she guessed his meaning—nay, she was all but certain. His looks, his words, her own conscience told her that he could have but one meaning. Still she would know the worst.

"Yes," she said, "I do wish—I can bear all."

He had remained smilingly silent. His one great desire was evidently on the eve of accomplishment.

He did not doubt it for an instant. Avice and Arden Court were in his grasp. Yet, like a cat, he remained watching the unhappy victim, on whom his claw could pounce at any moment.

"Yes," he said at length. "I will obey your wishes; perhaps it is best. Perhaps it is well that there should be frankness between us; it may place our relations on a proper footing."

He stooped down and whispered in her ear for a few seconds.

She shivered visibly, and her lips were the color of the white collar round her throat.

What could avail her agitation? The man with whom she had to deal had little feeling where his personal interests were concerned.

Her only chance was in his being fully in her power, as she was in his.

If she yielded to his proposal, she knew full well that, as he had said, their interests were identical; therefore, from that moment she would be safe—still, what a change!

From the admired, courted, independent heiress of Arden, to be the wife, the dependent wife of a man who gave her no lustre, no prestige, and in whose power she must henceforth be!

It was a bitter medicine, a severe chastening, coming rapidly on the back of the moral disease, the mental incubus that she had brought on her conscience.

For some minutes she remained motionless and silent; then her companion spoke again.

"Are you satisfied, Avice?" he said, quietly. "I ask no confession—I would rather not have one.

"It is quite as pleasant for me to feel that my wife has not absolutely told me that she has been guilty of——well, I will not repeat the word. I ask only a plain reply—are you satisfied?"

"Yes," she replied, in a hollow, sepulchral voice; then she repeated, as if mechanically, and more clearly—"Yes."

"Good," said the doctor; "and of course you are content to accept my terms—I mean, my hand?" She bowed her head.

"Ah, well," he continued, "I knew we should understand each other in time.

"We will be excellent friends now, Avice, and exceedingly happy, I doubt not.

"When shall it be?"

"Not yet," she murmured.

"Why not?" he asked. "I had thought of November for the wedding. If you think six months ought to pass out of respect for your cousin, we would even say December, and then we can have a snug Christmas party at the Court—eh, Avice?"

He laughed—a scornful, hollow laugh, and she listened for a few minutes to his words, and to that mocking laugh, with a bitter, shivering chill; then she seemed to gather courage from the extremity.

"I will not be dictated to on such a subject," she said. "I will at least name my own wedding-day; and that will not be yet, I assure you."

The feminine element now so far asserted itself, that she gave vent to a few hysterical sobs.

"Will it not?" said he. "My dear Avice, this would be a very unpromising beginning. You forget, surely forget, that you will owe me obedience, and that I can force it too."

He had gone a step too far.

Avice thoroughly recovered herself, and her eyes were once more calm and determined.

"Dr. Henry," she replied, "you have a species of power over me, a power that may indeed force me to become your wife; but remember that, when I have once promised to marry you, and have acknowledged your power, you would destroy yourself by betraying me. If you desire the luxury, the wealth, the power that the possession of Arden Court and its belongings can give, you will certainly not destroy your chance of enjoying them; and I will not be crushed or tyrannized over, even by you, Charles Henry!"

Her eyes flashed again, and her frame shivered rather with anger than with fear.

Dr. Henry saw his error.

He had gone too far, and he might probably lose all by attempting to stretch his power too much.

"I cannot see the use of delay," he said; "we are neither of us too young, Avice; and we cannot be settled in our plans till we are married."

She had now fully matured her plans.

"Listen to me, Charles Henry, and then we shall understand each other better.

"I have a great deal to give; and, say what you will, it does depend on me whether you shall enjoy it or not, quite as much as the secret you hold enables you to force my compliance with your proposal.

"And I swear to you, that I will rather dare all, lose all entirely, than forfeit every right of woman, and become your slave. Now do you comprehend me?"

"Go on, fair lady," he said, bowing half-mockingly, "I may perhaps comprehend every thing better when you have done."

"Well then," she resumed, "it stands thus: you will purchase your right to a position that you never could have obtained but by your silence. And I will allow you to enjoy it so long as you behave to me as a man should do to a woman who has brought him wealth and station, and luxury and power.

"But the instant you violate that compact, I swear to you that the next day shall finish your reign at this ancient mansion."

"Go on," said he; but there was now a more serious and subdued manner in his tone and voice.

"And to begin," she said, "I claim the entire right to fix the date of the marriage. Nay, more, I will not allow it to be published immediately.

"I have no wish that reports should be circulated, and that it should be said that no sooner did Avice Merton, the maiden cousin of Philip Arden, come into her heritage, than she hastened to marry, and that she was fool enough to take the first man that asked her for her money's sake. That would reflect little credit on either of us."

The physician was silent. He had scarcely calculated on the nature of her with whom he had to deal, and he felt that for once he was on dangerous ground.

"Then, this being confessed," she continued, "I will tell you what I will consent to.

"Next June, when my cousin will have been a full year dead, you shall receive my hand, and two months previous to that the engagement shall be made public. You need not be so eager; I cannot, even were I inclined, be faithless to my promise; and there will be ample time to enjoy your prize even then."

"It is impossible! unheard of!" he exclaimed.

"It is necessary," she replied; "I have resolved on it. It is better even for you, though I do not pretend to think of your reputation in the case; but even you might scarcely wish that you should be laughed at for having shown such indecent haste to snatch the estates, which were all that made you wish for their mistress."

It was true, most true. And yet nine months! What might not happen in that time? Avice might die! There were chances almost more terrible still; and all in that short, yet to him formidable, space of time.

"Avice," said he, "this is frenzy, or worse."

"It is what I have resolved on," she said firmly. "Do your worst—carry out your schemes, gratify your selfish revenge if you will—my mind is made up. Next June, and not till then, I will fulfil my promise, and become your wife."

"And in the meantime," said the doctor, "I shall visit here on the footing of an accepted lover."

"You evidently fear to lose sight of your victim," she said, with a scornful smile. "It is needless. I should think it useless for us to keep up the farce till then. But I will be reasonable; you may, of course, come as an intimate friend. If the world talks, and says you are courting the heiress, they shall have nothing more to say; I will take care that the visits are on no other footing."

Avice was the superior for the time. The doctor's tactics were baffled. A woman, and that woman his victim, in his power, turned on him and asserted her rights.

Strangely enough, he liked her for the better for the spirit she displayed.

"Well, Avice, I suppose it must be so," he said. "But mark me! If I see one sign of treachery—one little effort to break away from your promise, to intrigue against me—then it is instantly and for ever your ruin. I have fully determined on my course.

"My eyes are on you, on your every movement, your least action, and I will not be trifled with."

"Fear not, Dr. Henry," she said, haughtily. "If I do not marry you, I perfectly comprehend the penalty. I have no faith in my clemency from you; I shall never trust to it.

"No, I will not play you false; but I am resolved to preserve my own dignity, and to insist on the brief respite I ask."

"We are friends, then," he said, "as well as betrothed lovers, Avice."

"We are not lovers, Dr. Henry," said Avice; "we are promised husband and wife—that is all. For friendship, let the future prove."

She rose abruptly and walked to the other side of the room, and sank into a chair.

"I may surely request the favor of your absence, Dr. Henry," said she. "The house is open to you, should you have aught else to say; but for the present I would be alone."

"Your wishes, however unpleasing, must be law to me," he replied, courteously. "I will of course leave you at once. As your physician, I prescribe rest and quiet; as your betrothed, I entreat—nay, I insist on your taking both. Farewell for the present."

Avice rang the bell as he left the room, but he hurried so rapidly through the well-known passage, that no servant answered the summons, and he went out through a small side door by which he had entered.

Josiah Blunt was holding his horse.

The groom had been despatched on an errand, and the servants of the house were little disposed to wait such long attendance on "the Doctor;" so Josiah had been deputed for the office.

Dr. Henry hastily mounted, and threw a coin to the lad as he rode away.

Josiah stooped to pick it up with a comic grin, and, as he did so, a small piece of paper, that had flown some little distance, attracted his eye.

He picked it up.

From its appearance it was not of any value.

It certainly was not a bank-note, still less any important letter that would bring lands and wealth to the finder.

For it was but a piece of paper, which seemed to have been used merely as a waste scrap, to try different pens on.

But Josiah examined it curiously, and a strange pallid look was on his face as he looked.

Perhaps it was his own particular gift that made him notice it so expertly; perhaps it was the lack of ordinary interests that gave the half-wit curious eyes, and then carefully put it in his pocket.

"I'll take care of it—I'll take care of it," he said, as he went away to his other employments.

And Avice—how was she engaged? Did she give way to tears, and passion, and grief, when once more alone?

No. She sat on the chair in which Dr. Henry had left her, and her eyes were rivetted on the floor.

Not that she saw any object on that familiar surface.

Her gaze was unmeaning, but it was not less fixed and intent.

There was despair on her features; her pale, rigid face looked agonized, her eyes stared wildly, but her lips did not move.

The thoughts that moved rapidly over her brain found no vent there.

Whatever her resolve, whatever her grief, Avice would not that it should be known to anyone.

No, that should never be.

Her own lips would never betray her; no oversight should bring deeper ruin on her head.

As Avice sat there in her lonely boudoir, now the abode of such secret anguish to her, at least that agony was confined to her own heart.

Yet very bitter were her reflections.

Another shared her secret; she was no longer safe—no, not for one instant, though his own interest guaranteed her at present from exposure.

But what a prospect! When once his wife, what would be the result?

How should she defend herself from his tyranny? But one means was left.

He might be deprived by a word of his dearest possessions, even when in the full enjoyment of them.

Then a faint idea, more terrible still, flashed across Avice's mind.

It was too dreadful for words, too dreadful to be indulged even in the brain, lest she should go mad.

She rose and paced the room, as if to drive it from her.

"It is at least nine months before the appointed wedding," she murmured; "and what may not happen in nine months?

"I will be calm. I will not distress my mind so terribly. It is needless suffering."

Ah, Avice, it was the beginning of punishment, it was the commencement of the torture you deserved. Hilda had rightly said, "I would not exchange with you."

The destitute orphan, the lonely exile, the child of obscurity and shame, was happier than the heiress of Arden Court and its thousands.

And where was Hilda, during all this time of suspense and doubt, and half-begun punishment of Avice?

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN Hilda left Arden Court and returned to her former abode, to the now silent and deserted school-house, a strange difference appeared to have taken place in it or in herself.

Everything looked so quiet, so gloomy, so dreary now. The rooms, untenanted by the crowd of merry school-girls, appeared large, scantily furnished, and silent; the prospect from its windows was barren, and the grounds were unattractive.

Poor Hilda! she knew not that the bitter disappointment that had befallen her, the fearful loss that she had sustained, had thus thrown a melancholy aspect on all around. She could not guess that had she returned as the heiress, Mrs. Cooper would have been but too delighted to receive her with open arms, to devote herself to her, and thus supply the want of friends, the amusements, and the occupations, that were now taken from her.

But the tidings had apparently travelled quicker than even Hilda herself.

"My dear," said the lady, "I do not wish to be impatient, but may I ask whether my respected patron, your guardian, has fulfilled his intention of making you his heiress?"

"No, madam," replied Hilda.

"But, of course," said the lady, looking astounded, "he has amply provided for you?"

"I shall have five hundred pounds, madam, when I come of age," replied Hilda.

"That is all."

"Very extraordinary, my dear," said Mrs. Cooper, drawing herself up frigidly. "Have you any notion why Mr. Arden thus altered his intentions?"

"I can scarcely tell what was the alteration, madam," replied Hilda.

"Mr. Arden would scarcely have told me that I was to be his heiress, though I do believe he intended it; but it is not so—and that is all with which I have to do."

"I think there was some especial reason," said the lady, coldly.

"I am very sorry, Miss Arden, and the more so as I believe you are an orphan."

"I am, madam," said Hilda.

"And friendless, I fear?" said Mrs. Cooper.

"Quite," said Hilda.

"Then I fear," said Mrs. Cooper, "that you may find it rather painful to remain here under such altered circumstances. I have very few young ladies whose friends are not affluent and in good position, and therefore I should scarcely advise you to risk the mortifications that your change of fortune must bring on you, and the more so, because you were believed to be in such different circumstances, and of course treated so completely on an equality by the other young ladies.

"Miss Norton especially seemed to honor you with her friendship, and it would be a matter of regret were you to lose it by any apparent deception on your part or on mine."

Hilda had listened to this long speech with a half-bewildered air; for some time she could scarcely comprehend its purport; then, as the real truth flashed on her, she turned very cold at heart.

It was not the actual unkindness on Mrs. Cooper's part that thus shocked her; that would scarcely have so powerfully affected the pupil of the "well-bred," correct governess.

No, it was the augury of the future the specimen of the cruel, unkind world on which she was entering, that thus affected her.

To be supposed unfit for the companion

ship of her old schoolmates, to have implied deception and degradation cast upon her, to be told that Nora Norton would believe her unworthy—that she would reject her friendship and companionship—these were bitter remarks indeed, and most chilling and galling lessons for the orphan.

Again the cry arose in her heart, "Oh mother, mother, if I were but with you!" but it was no time for such imaginings, such weakness.

The proud spirit of the girl rose angrily at the bare idea of the injustice done her.

"May I ask you to speak plainly, Mrs. Cooper?" she said. "Do you wish me to leave your school at once?"

"Really, Miss Arden," she replied, uneasily, "you speak so strangely and coarsely, scarcely like a young lady who has been brought up in my establishment, and supposed to be the heiress of a handsome estate."

"I am not accustomed to such language, Miss Arden."

Hilda was perfectly calm now. A rapid review of her position came before her.

Young as she was she could see the absurdity and the danger of quarreling with such a woman.

"I am very sorry, madam," she said, "if I used language which was too plain. I was merely anxious to know whether you would wish me to leave you earlier than the time originally named.

"You can surely pardon my drawing such an inference from the advice you gave me just now."

"Well, Miss Arden," said Mrs. Cooper, suddenly changing her tone, "I confess there is some sense and justice in what you say; indeed more than I could have imagined in one so young and inexperienced.

"As you have really started the idea, I must confess that there might be something rather desirable in it.

"First, I can but see the mortification that might accrue to yourself by mingling with your companions under such altered circumstances; and, next, that I am rather in difficulty about your room.

"I have the offer of Sir Richard Fane's daughter for a term of three or four years.

"Her father is in Russia, and will not return for that time, and her guardian wishes to place her with me.

"I am so full, that there is only half Miss Earle's room vacant, while you will of course leave at Christmas; and, as it is so short a time, and——"

"Say no more, madam," interrupted Hilda, bitterly. "I quite understand, and will give place at once to Sir Richard's daughter.

"I dare say I shall be able to find some home open to me during the five weeks that remain of the vacation."

Even as she spoke, the memory of her exile from Arden Court flushed on her.

It was hard, in two short days, to be turned from the two homes of her girlhood—the place of her birth and the place of her education.

Poor Hilda! And she was not yet seventeen.

Such ideas were dashing through her mind when she suddenly awoke to the consciousness that Mrs. Cooper was speaking to her.

"Well, my dear," said she, "you needn't think about that.

"I shall be able to manage nicely for you, no doubt.

"Indeed I have something in my head even now, and I dare say it will all be right, and you will have reason to thank me in the end."

She was silent for some minutes, and her mind was evidently working at some idea that she scarcely liked to bring forward.

At last it came out.

"Well, Miss Arden," she resumed, "I believe I have an offer that would be very eligible for you.

"A lady who was educated at my establishment, and who indeed almost married from here, has written to ask me whether I have any pupil ready and willing to take charge of a little cousin of hers.

"And I am sure it would be a most desirable introduction to your new life, my dear, if you really mean to earn your own living."

"May I at least ask for some particulars, madam?" said Hilda.

"Oh, as to that, they are soon given," replied the lady, coolly.

"Mrs. Escourt is a young lady of fortune and great attractions, who married a gentleman several years older than herself, but of considerable fortune, and a Member of Parliament.

"She must now be about thirty, and her husband is, I dare say, fifteen or twenty years her senior.

"The little girl is the only child of her first cousin, who has been placed under this lady's care while her father is abroad.

"The household consists of Mr. and Mrs. Escourt, Mrs. Escourt's younger sister, Miss Horton, and the little girl.

"I believe Miss Horton is very handsome, but I fancy she is portionless; for I know that Mrs. Escourt's fortune came from an old friend of the family, who had been her godfather."

Hilda bowed her head; she did not quite see the point of all these details, but she was bound to suppose that they might be of some use to her.

"The proposed salary is sixty pounds a year," continued Mrs. Cooper, "which is extremely handsome for a beginning, and with only one little girl.

"I therefore feel that I am doing you a great service in procuring you the situation, as well as freeing you and myself from a great difficulty."

Excellent Mrs. Cooper! She quite reassured her mind by these considerations.

Most kind and benevolent lady! she would not, of course, have thought of herself, if Hilda was not in any way to be benefited by the change.

"I shall be quite content, madam," said Hilda, "with the proposed remuneration, if the situation is a comfortable one, and eligible for one so young and inexperienced as myself.

"Is the little girl likely to remain long with her relatives?"

"Oh, I suppose so," replied Mrs. Cooper. "Her father was left a widower when very young—indeed, I believe he was barely of age when he married; only, being the heir to an old baronetcy and estates, it was arranged for him to marry early.

"I believe the little girl is now about five, so that Sir Guy cannot be more than twenty-seven.

"He went to India, I suppose in the hope of forgetting his distress, when the little girl was about two years old, and Mr. Escourt kindly allowed his wife to take charge of her.

"So, you see, nothing can be more advantageous and honorable in every respect."

The lady was unusually communicative. Evidently it was a great relief to her mind to arrange so easily the removal of her pupil.

"As you will, madam," said Hilda bitterly; "only, remember that my beginning, so soon after my great trial, the life before me, is entirely your own doing.

For me, I neither consider it needful nor right. But I will submit to your arrangements; I will not remain an unwelcome inmate in any place. How soon shall I go?"

"Oh, my dear, there is no such very great haste," said Mrs Cooper.

"I would certainly not think of parting with you till perhaps within a week or so of the opening of the school.

"That will give you a little time to recover your spirits, and you could be taking some final lessons from your masters.

"Even three a week would not be too much; it would occupy your mind, and be of great use to you in after duties.

"I assure you I am only anxious for your welfare, my dear, and feel much for you in your present painful circumstances."

This was true so far. Mrs. Cooper did not feel anything but good will to the orphan when her own interests were not endangered by her remaining.

Miss Fane could come now, and the blot of a poor and unknown girl would be removed from her establishment; therefore she could afford to seem kind to poor Hilda, and in truth she perhaps felt so.

Mrs. Cooper was not naturally hard or ill-natured, but long adversity, and then entire self-dependence, had made her selfish, and regardless of anything that stood in the way of a prosperous ending of her long and laborious career.

Hilda could have willingly indulged the passionate spirit within her, and refused the proffered boon, but a natural shrinking from going forth at once into the world restrained her.

The trial was yet too fresh, the loss too vivid and deep, for her to be at once prepared to go among strangers, and begin new and untried duties; and, young as she was, she had yet enough sense and self-control to feel that it would be folly to reject the good offices of the only person who could really assist her in her purpose; so she quietly bowed her thanks to the lady, and rose to retire.

"Perhaps you will kindly let me know, when you have heard from Mrs. Escourt, madam," she said; "and, meanwhile, I shall devote myself to the studies you name as so desirable."

"Quite right," said the lady, "and I shall certainly feel more satisfaction in recommending you, now that I see you display so much good sense and judgment, and a proper appreciation of your position."

Hilda bowed again, with a stately courtesy, rather like the governess to the pupil than the young and friendless girl to her patroness.

Then a sudden thought struck her.

"If you have no objection, madam," she said, "I shall prefer being known as Miss Halloway in my new sphere of action.

"It was my mother's maiden name, and I prefer it to Arden in the governess life I am about to undertake."

Mrs. Cooper hesitated, but a glance at Hilda's flushed face seemed to decide her.

"As you will," said she; "it is immaterial, I imagine, to Mrs. Escourt, what name her governess bears."

Hilda went to the room that for so many happy months she had shared with Minnie Darrell, and her heart was sore and chilled within her as she looked around.

Yes, whatever might be the result of the plans arranged for her as a governess, she must feel that she was turned out of the asylum on which she had relied for the next six months.

Alone, in the very crisis of her fate, when just bereft of father, guardian, uncle, all in one; when the heritage that should have been hers was taken from her, and the very name which she had hitherto borne made painful in her dependent position; at that very instant, the time for the fresh trial of going forth into the world, and of combating with the evils of dependence and labor, was chosen for her by that heartless woman.

And yet she was not intentionally cruel. No, it was only the ordinary selfishness of common minds.

As Hilda looked round, as she remembered Nora Norton, the proud, beautiful, refined girl, and thought that she would be from henceforth separated from her for ever, then the measure of her woes seemed full.

She cast herself on the familiar couch, and wept; and her grief was as great as on the day when she first learned the tale of her mother's wrongs at Bessie Arden's death-bed, three long years before.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A MONTH sped rapidly by. Hilda had conquered her first passionate grief, and spent the time in more profitable occupation than vain regrets.

Only in the hours of night, or when the day's studies were over, did she indulge the bitter heart-sorrow that engrossed her.

Poor girl! She was so young; and the trials she endured were so great.

First, disgrace of birth; then loss of friends; then of fortune!—A waif in the world, she was going forth on its shores in helplessness.

But she was brave. She strove to the utmost to spend those weeks of respite to the greatest advantage.

She practiced, she sang, she drew; she devoted herself to the French, Italian, and German books that were to have been finished during the final six months of her term of study; and perhaps no three months of her stay at Highfield House had ever shown such rapid progress as the one she now gave to the entire study of those pursuits.

Thus the days and weeks were on, and Hilda was to go forth on her mission.

Strangely enough she had never inquired where her destiny lay.

What mattered it to her whether it was east or west, north or south? She had no central point of attraction, no home—all was alike to her now; but when the time approached for her departure, a faint flush of interest did rise in her mind.

Mr. Escourt's place was in Herefordshire, the next county to that in which lay Nora Norton's home; and she soon discovered by the map, that she would be within fifteen miles of her.

But that was, after all, a long distance; and, to her limited ideas, the persons thus separated might very likely not even know each other, save by name; so she subdued the rising sigh at the proximity which she at once desired and dreaded, and resigned herself quietly to her fate.

It was a beautiful August morning when Hilda left the home of her girlhood, and went on her journey into life.

That memorable day was indeed its commencement. Hitherto her life had been sheltered and guided by others.

This was her sole and first step of independence, and she braced herself up to the duties before her.

Assuredly she would not betray weakness to cold and unsympathizing eyes.

She would call up the spirit of her race, for she felt that there were gentle blood and high courage in her young heart, and that at least should sustain her, if it was to be her sole heritage.

So she bade farewell to Mrs. Cooper without a tear, gave a mute glance at the objects associated with Nora and Minnie, and the happy days of their friendship, and then went forth on life's pilgrimage.

The journey was not long—at least it did not appear so to Hilda, for she actually dreaded the arrival at her new home.

She started when the name of the railway station met her ears, and stepped from the train with the feelings of one leaving a shelter rather than concluding a journey. A fly was in waiting, but no servants.

The railroad porter asked Hilda if she was the lady for Escourt Park, and, on being answered in the affirmative, he informed her that Mrs. Escourt had sent to have the fly engaged for her.

Ah, how different from the luxurious carriage, the attentive servants at Arden Court! The brusque driver, the dingy conveyance, the rattling, weary progress were indeed very galling and depressing to Hilda's refined nature. Even such trifles are an omen of the future to a sensitive heart.

The park was about three miles from the railway station, and Hilda had ample time to collect her faculties ere the fly rattled through the gates and up the long drive to the steps at the front entrance of the house.

It was a stately mansion; the free-stone walls seemed to frown down on the depressed girl who now stood on its threshold; the sound of the hall-bell went through her nerves, and when the door opened, and the hall-porter stood coolly surveying her with the look proper to the occupant of a fly, the poor girl felt inclined to seek again the friendly shelter of the gloomy vehicle she had so recently despised.

However, she summoned her courage to the emergency, with the consciousness that she must either submit and sink, or assert her own position.

"I am expected, I suppose?" she said, as the man stood gazing at her, without even offering to let her enter.

"So I suppose," he replied, glancing at the trunks which the flyman was preparing to deposit in the entrance hall. "What name, miss?"

Hilda's spirit rose. Her dark eyes flashed indignantly, and her cheeks were crimson.

"Go to your mistress and tell her Miss Halloway has arrived," she said, haughtily, advancing into the carpeted hall.

The man involuntarily stepped back, subdued by her proud self-possession; but as he was about to obey her command, the voice of another of the liveried servants who appeared to abound in that wealthy mansion, was heard.

"It's the new governess, Robert," said he. "Let her come in. My mistress will see her."

The man gave the young girl another sharp stare, and then with a look of half pity, half contempt, he settled himself in his large chair, while Hilda followed the footman who had spoken through the broad hall.

Her step was firm and her mien determined as she walked up the spacious, carved oak staircase, her foot sinking in the heavy carpet, while a light through the painted and ground glass windows at each turn illuminated a richly frescoed wall and ceiling.

Then she went through a long corridor, and again, by a few steps, up to the door of the apartment where Mrs. Escourt awaited her.

It was an exquisite boudoir into which Hilda was ushered. Draped with hangings of blue silk, and furnished with lounges, *tete-a-tetes*, and easy chairs covered with satin damask of the same azure tint, the room had a fairy-like appearance.

Seated on a small lounge near a window, the curtains of which softened and subdued the brilliant light of the August sun, was a lady of about thirty years of age, but somewhat matured for that time of life.

Mrs. Escourt was tall, but yet perfectly moulded and very handsome. Her hair was in rich bands and braided round her head; her eyes, large, dark and haughtily defiant in their natural expression, were fixed on Hilda with a sort of wondering stare; her mouth—perhaps the worst feature in her face—had a contemptuous expression that disfigured it, and well-formed teeth that adorned it.

Her figure was magnificent, and dressed in a rich and flowing silk, the folds of which swept the ground behind the lounge on which she sat.

Deeper in the recess of the opposite window was another; a young and more graceful figure; an elegant, fair, and attractive girl reclined in an easy chair, a book in her hand, which appeared to have at least sufficient interest to occupy her attention.

She was perhaps twenty-four or twenty-five years of age; but her transparent skin, her fair hair, and *petite* features, took at least seven years from her age.

Her dress was a white embroidered morning wrapper, with blue ribands clasping the throat, and waist, and wrists; a blue riband floated from the large bow in which her hair was gathered; and her tiny foot, as it rested on the cushion, exhibited a white slipper and a small blue rosette.

Indeed her whole toilette was perfect in its simple elegance and youthfulness.

In her sable, somewhat dust-stained dress, Hilda felt indeed out of place in that elegant room, and in contrast with its tastefully attired occupants; but she did not know that her lovely face, in its perfect beauty of feature and complexion, her elegant figure, and the unconscious grace of every attitude, could not be disguised even by those disadvantages.

Mrs. Escourt's practiced, and Florence Horton's jealous eyes, saw this at a glance; and the looks they bent on the new governess were anything but promising in their import, as an omen of future kindliness.

Florence did not even attempt to notice her entrance by the least inclination of the head, or even a glance, when the first quick raising of the eyes was over; but Mrs. Escourt coolly surveyed her with aristocratic pride, or rather the imitation of it.

"You are from Mrs. Cooper's, I presume?" she said, in reply to Hilda's graceful courtesy. Hilda bowed her head. "Ah, I suppose so. Sit down."

Hilda was glad of this command rather than invitation, for her physical strength was less under her control than the mind's energies, and her limbs trembled beneath her.

"Let me see," said the lady—"your name is——"

"Hilda Halloway," she replied, quietly.

"Yes—ah, I remember. A singular name for a governess," she said. "Florence, my love, this is the new governess for Lina."

Florence did not even attempt any more cordial salutation than a cold stare, and the slightest of all imaginary inclinations of her graceful neck.

Had Hilda been a lady's maid, the bow would not have been too gracious.

And then the blue eyes dropped on the book again, with real or feigned indifference.

"Miss Halloway, I am almost surprised to see so young a person," said the lady. "Mrs. Cooper did not mention your age. How old are you?"

"Nearly seventeen," replied Hilda. "But I am far older than my years," she added, with a sad smile.

"So I should hope," said Mrs. Escourt. "It is a mere child's age."

Mrs. Escourt was becoming sufficiently passe to estimate ages rather differently from what she would have done ten years earlier.

"Well, she resumed, "as your pupil is a very young child, a mere baby, it will not signify so much. She will probably like you better for your extreme youth, and you can of course enter into her feelings. And then her nurse is a mature woman; so on the whole it does not so much signify. Still, I shall expect you to be as steady and retiring in manners as if you were of far more womanly years."

"I presume Mrs. Cooper had confidence in me, or she would not have recommended me to you, madam," said Hilda, proudly.

"Ah—no—of course," assented the lady. "Only I cannot really be worried by any giddiness on your part. It is quite enough to manage an establishment of servants—who, indeed, are the greatest plagues on earth—without having a governess in addition to look after."

Hilda's cheek flamed, but her better judgment controlled the indignant impulse and she remained silent.

"Ah, it is a great charge, a very troublesome one, that of another person's child," continued Mrs. Escourt; "and I shall be glad when Lina is again under her father's guardianship. However, it cannot be helped now—can it, Florence?—and all I can do is to take care that the child has no improper ideas put into her head, and that she is pro-

perly taught. By the way, are you a good musician, Miss Halloway?"

"It is scarcely for me to presume on my own ability, madam," said Hilda, smiling a little haughtily. "I believe I am of average proficiency in that accomplishment."

For the first time Florence looked up sharply, and her blue eyes sent out a cold, keen glance at the beautiful girl.

"Elise, would it not be better for Miss Halloway to go to her room?" she said, coldly.

"It is time to dress, if we mean to drive this afternoon."

Mrs. Escourt seemed somewhat under her young sister's domination, for she at once seemed impressed with the suggestion.

"True," said she, "I forgot. I dare say you are tired, Miss Halloway. You had better go at once to your room."

The lady managed to extend her hand to the bell with a languid effort, and a servant soon appeared.

"Show Miss Halloway to her room," said her mistress. "Where is Miss Lina?—is she come in from her walk?"

"I think not, ma'am," was the reply.

"Oh, very well—never mind," said the lady. "I suppose the nurse is there, so it will not signify."

Hilda rose, in obedience to the hint, and followed the servant from the room.

Her graceful courtesy on leaving the apartment was barely acknowledged by the elder, and not at all by the younger sister; and thus terminated the first interview.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

What Janet Did.

BY PERCY [illegible]

JANET, darling, I wish you would smile more kindly upon Bertram Wyland and less upon Mr. March. Not but that I like the one quite as well as the other; but while Bertram is independently wealthy, and in the first society, no one knows much about Mr. March."

The speaker is a motherly-looking lady whose genial smile contradicts the worldly spirits her words would seem to reveal.

Her niece, whom she calls Janet, is sitting by the window, her bright head bent over the gay crewels that cover her lap. At her aunt's words she looks up, an expression of extreme surprise visible in her long-lashed, violet eyes.

"Why, auntie, never before did I think you had a mercenary idea!"

"But, Janet, you like Bertram, do you not?"

"Yes, auntie, I like him very much."

And with this answer Mrs. Elmer was obliged to be content.

Ever since Janet Alcott and her aunt came to the watering place in which our story opens, Janet has taken her position as the acknowledged belle of every gathering; but among the many adorers who have sighed at her shrine, two only of the number have elicited any response from her. They are Bertram Wyland — her aunt's favorite—and John March—the young man "no one knows."

They are different in appearance as their names are in sound; for while Bertram is handsome—a very Adonis—and his graceful manners show the *habitus* of society, Mr. March is grave and thoughtful, but with a steadfast look in his brown eyes that suggests a more than ordinary character.

To tell the truth, in her own mind Janet has not yet determined which of her two admirers she likes best, though—as her aunt has already suspected—the balance is wavering in Mr. March's favor, when chance suddenly turns it the other way.

Of all things, Janet dearly loves and admires heroism—a courage that would face undoubting any peril for a good cause—and something which her friend Agnes Fleming tells her soon after the conversation with her aunt which we have recorded, cause her delicate lips to curve with sudden scorn.

A child, while bathing in the surf, had ventured beyond her depth, and of two gentlemen who were standing within view, one only, Mr. Wyland, had rushed to her assistance; the other, Mr. March, turning and walking composedly back to the hotel, not even pausing to ascertain whether his comrade needed his aid or not.

"I never would have believed it of him—never!" Janet cries.

"How serious you are over it, Janet," laughs Agnes. "I shall begin to think that you care for this Mr. March a good deal, or you'd certainly not take it so much to heart."

But Janet did not respond to her badinage.

But it has come at last—the time when she must decide whether she will take Bertram Wyland for her husband, or by rejecting him lose him out of her life entirely—even as a friend.

He has been a very agreeable companion, and she has enjoyed the hours spent in his society; then, too, her kind aunt looks upon him with such favor.

But yet, into Janet's mind comes a memory of a pair of earnest brown eyes, which have long told her silently, though eloquently, how dear she is to their owner. But she drives the thought away. John March can never be anything to her.

"He is coming to-morrow for his answer, dear," said her aunt's voice.

"What is it to be?"

"Auntie," Janet said, "do you suppose Bertram thinks I am rich—that I am your heiress? Agnes tells me it is the general belief."

"Why, child, what difference could it possibly make to one so wealthy as he?"

When Mrs. Elmer leaves her niece it is with a face beaming with gratification, for she imagines her pet plan is on the eve of prosperity.

That evening too restless to sleep, Janet steps out of her bedroom window upon the balcony.

Suddenly the wind wafts upward to her ears some words spoken in a voice she recognizes.

"Congratulate me, Rollins, old fellow; I've played my game almost to the winning point.

"To-morrow I have good reason to think the heiress will be mine—and it's lucky, for I've nearly got through all my money.

"Though, to tell the truth, I'm fortunate in more ways than one, for, besides the additional attraction, the girl's a dear, tender-hearted little thing."

As Janet bends forward she sees, walking slowly along, their backs to the balcony Bertram Wyland and an intimate friend. Her eyes have not deceived her—it is unmistakably he who has just spoken.

Every vestige of color leaves the girl's face as she re-entered her room.

Is there no truth in the world?

Are all men either cowardly or mercenary?

Hot tears rise to the young eyes as Janet kneels down to give thanks for the providence that has opened her eyes before her foot were allowed to wander into a path the termination of which would have been her life's wreck.

She does not fall asleep at once, not until almost dawn does "tired Nature's sweet restorer" visit her couch.

Her eyes have been closed, it seems to her, but a very few moments, though it is in reality an hour, when she is suddenly awakened by a suffocating sensation and the appalling cry of "Fire!"

Springing to her feet, with trembling hands she wraps herself in her dressing-robe, which is near upon a chair, and rushes to the door, and opens it only to be driven back by the volume of flame and smoke.

"Janet! where are you?" someone calls, and just as she is falling, terrified, into unconsciousness by the dire peril which menaces her, a strong arm catches her. But the fire has gained such rapid headway that the halls are impassable, and darting to the window, John March raises it and calls for aid to the crowd below.

A ladder is quickly brought, and he descends in safety and lays his precious burden in her aunt's arms.

The inmates of the burning building are speedily made comfortable in a neighboring hotel, and there, the following morning, Janet has two callers.

She is a trifle pale, but never has she looked so beautiful in Bertram Wyland's eyes as, in a few cold, words she refuses his suit, and he realizes that she is lost to him for ever.

A few hours later Mr. March enters the room his rival but so lately left.

He comes to bid Janet good-bye, as he intends to leave for the city that afternoon.

He talks a while, and then rises to go.

"Good-bye, Miss Alcott," he says, taking her hand and looking down upon her with a yearning expression on his strong, noble face.

"I would like to think that though we may never meet again, you will sometimes give a friendly thought to me."

A soft color flits over Janet's face as she answers, "I shall never forget, Mr. March, that it is to you I owe my life."

The touch of her warm, soft hand sent a thrill through all the young man's frame, and his resolution to go without bringing upon himself the pain of a refusal melted away.

"Janet," he exclaimed, "I had meant to be silent but I can hide from you no longer that I love you! Sometimes I have dared to hope you cherished a feeling for me which time might deepen to something warmer, but of late you have been so cold my heart has failed me."

As she hears, and looks up into his earnest face, Janet feels that what she heard could never be—and without pausing to think she frankly tells him all.

A glow of indignation overspreads his face as he exclaims, "And that base act was laid at my door!

"Why, it was I myself who saved the child! Your informer has deceived you.

"Ah, how much harm a few words can do! So that is the explanation of your indifference? Janet," he said, coming closer to her side, and striving to read the expression of the sweet, averted face, "you say that you owe to me your life.

"May I not have your life's love for my reward?"

She draws herself a little away as she says, "Before I give you your answer I want to tell you something.

"It is this; that I am not rich, as everyone seems to suppose, for my aunt could not will her property to me if she wished to do so.

"It is to go upon her death to——"

"A nephew of her husband's, whom she has never seen, and who she thinks is even now in his country home," puts in John. "Am I not right?" he says, answering Janet's look of surprise.

"Yes. But how did you know?"

"As I am John March Elmer, that veritable nephew himself, I hardly see how I can help knowing.

"I came here, three months ago, direct to your aunt's home, but found her gone; and upon inquiry, learning her destination, I immediately followed, thinking to amuse myself by making her acquaintance incognito. Now, Cousin Janet, I am waiting for my answer."

When Mrs. Elmer learns the true state of affairs her feeling of relief at the disappointment of her own plan is almost too great to put into words.

Janet has never regretted her choice, for in her husband's protecting love her days glide by in one sweet idyll of delight and content.

New Publications.

A better book for children than "Our Little Ones at Home and in School" was never published. Whether looked at for its literary selections, or the three hundred and fifty magnificent engravings scattered through its pages, its splendid printing, or the equally fine binding, it is a masterpiece that must bring pleasure and good to hearts both old and young. It contains three hundred and eighty-four pages, in the course of which the leading child-story writers in the country are represented in prose and poetry, the whole edited by Oliver Optic. It would be impossible even in the most general terms to speak adequately of this fine book. It is, in fact, one that seems to comprise all that is best and most desirable for the entertainment and instruction of the young. Lee & Shepard, publishers. For sale by Claxton & Co. Price, $1.50.

"Up the River" is the sixth and last of the "Great Western Series" of stories written by Oliver Optic. The story of the boy-hero is singularly interesting, his adventures thrilling without improbability, and the descriptions of places and things faithful to fact. Besides the mere charm of the tale there is an undertone of good teaching, wise hints, and experience that will be permanently beneficial to the young reader. We can commend this, and in fact the whole series, as something bound to charm the boys. Lee & Shepard, publishers. For sale by Claxton & Co. Price, $1.50.

"Hand-Book of Wood-Engraving," by W. A. Emerson, with practical instructions in the art for persons wishing to learn without an instructor. This is a useful, clearly-written, and neatly gotten-up little book, that we can commend to all interested, or likely to be interested in the subject. It contains full directions for learning to do all kinds of work, descriptions and engravings of instruments, etc., with a very interesting illustrated history of the art of wood-engraving up to the present day. Lee & Shepard, Boston, publishers. For sale by Claxton & Co. Price, $1.00.

The fourth volume of the "Winwood Series," "Thorncliffe Hall," is before us. It is a tale of school-life that is sure to carry pleasure where it is read, and improvement with it. The style of narration is charming, and keeps the attention rivetted to the end. It is far more spirited than the majority of works of this class; he would be a strange lad, indeed, that did not rise from its perusal, only dissatisfied that there was no more of it. Lee & Shepard, publishers. For sale by Claxton & Co., this city.

"Five Little Peppers and How They Grew," by Margaret Sidney. An exceedingly interesting juvenile book which tells the story of a happy family, the members of which, from the mother to the youngest child, are bound together in a common bond of love. Although poor, and obliged to plan, scrimp and pinch from day to day, they make the little brown house which holds them a genuine paradise. A good deal of ingenuity is displayed by the author in bringing the little Peppers out of their poverty, and giving them a start in life. The whole change is made to turn on the freak of the youngest of the cluster, the three-year old Phronsie, who insisted on sending a gingerbread boy to a rich old man who was spending the summer at the village hotel. It ought, for the lesson it teaches, to be put into the hands of every boy and girl in the country. It is very fully and finely illustrated, and bound in elegant form. Lothrop & Co., Boston, publishers. Price, $1.50.

"The American Juvenile Speaker and Songster, for Day Schools," by C. A. Fyke, has been prepared with a design to supply the teachers of the public schools of America with a variety of useful matter—music, dialogues and recitations for daily use, afternoon exercises and exhibitions. F. W. Helmick, publisher, 180 Elm St., Cincinnati, O. Price, 40 cents.

MAGAZINES.

The contents of that magnificent art publication, the *Magazine of Art*, for October are of the best possible. All that we can do is to mention some of the more prominent. "Ars Longa, Vita Brevis," frontispiece, from the painting by Haynes Williams; "Our Living Artists;" "Chippendale Furniture;" "The Wisdom of Solomon;" "An Artist's Struggle;" "Dutch Painters and Wood-Cutters;" "A Roman Sculptor;" "The Dealer in Antiquities;" "Jersey;" "The Progress of the Academies of Art in Great Britain;" "Barge Life;" "The Phillip Exhibition at Aberdeen;" "It was a Hot Day," etc., etc. All the articles are splendidly illustrated, and in type, paper, etc., the magazine cannot be surpassed. Subscription, $3.50 a year. Cassell, Petter & Galpin, New York. 35 cents a number.

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THE

NOVEMBER

NUMBER OF

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

(SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.)

With this number begins the new series under the title of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, which will be, in fact, *a new, enlarged and improved* "SCRIBNER." *The page is somewhat longer and wider, admitting pictures of a larger size, and* VIRTUALLY INCREASING THE READING MATTER TO THE EXTENT OF ABOUT

Fourteen Additional Pages.

The November number is one of rare beauty and interest. It is richly illustrated with more than seventy engravings, among them a frontispiece

PORTRAIT OF GEORGE ELIOT,

the only authorized portrait of the great novelist yet published or to be published, furnished by her husband, Mr. Cross, and reproduced from an etching made especially for this purpose by M. Paul Rajon. It accompanies a paper by Frederick W. Myers, who deals interestingly with George Eliot's religious and philosophical beliefs.

MRS. BURNETT'S NEW NOVEL,

"Through One Administration," a story of social and political life in Washington, begun in this number, is expected to rival in interest the writer's "That Lass o' Lowrie's," and "A Fair Barbarian."

MARK TWAIN

Contributes a complete short story, entitled "A Curious Experience." Mary Hallock Foote furnishes an entertaining paper on

A DILIGENCE JOURNEY IN MEXICO,

With eight of her own illustrations, engraved by Cole, Closson, and others. An article on

IMPRESSIONS of SHAKSPEREAN CHARACTERS, by Tommaso Salvini,

The eminent Italian tragedian, will attract wide attention. There is also a paper on Salvini, with drawing of him in Othello and Macbeth.

"Costumes in the Greek Play at Harvard,"

By Frank D. Millet, the artist who designed the costumes for the play, includes seventeen striking illustrations by Breman. An opportunity for reproducing seven magnificent paintings is afforded by a paper on the artists

FORTUNY AND REGNAULT.

"Around Cape Ann" is a breezy 'long-shore article, illustrated with nine exquisite reproductions of etchings by Stephen Parrish.

"MY ESCAPE FROM SLAVERY," by Frederick Douglass,

Is a paper of historical value and interest. W. J. Stillman has an interesting article, with twenty-five illustrations, on the discovery and origin of

"The So-called Venus of Melos" (Milo).

There is a capital short story by the author of "The Village Convict," which made such a hit in the August SCRIBNER: an article by a Cunard captain on "Compulsory Lane Routes in the North Atlantic";

POEMS BY

James Russell Lowell, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Edmund W. Gosse, Austin Dobson, Mary Mapes Dodge, Richard Watson Gilder, and others.

"Topics of the Time" contains contributions from the pen of the late Dr. Holland, on the change in the name of the magazine, on "The Contingency of 'Inability,'" and "Public Spirit." This November number contains the prospectus for the coming year. The portrait of Dr. Holland, photographed from a life-size picture by Wyatt Eaton, and issued just before his death, will possess a new interest to the readers of this magazine. It is offered at $5.00 retail, or together with THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for one year for $6.50. Subscriptions are taken by book-sellers and news-dealers everywhere. Regular price of the magazine, $4.00 a year; 35 cents a number.

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MORNING AND NIGHT.

BY S. S. L.

The surf upon the rocky shore is breaking,
In from the stormy sea;
And the cold, gray morning in the east is waking,
But not for you and me.

No, not for you and me; no light is beaming
In any sky below;
The world has only waked us from our dreaming
To see hope's sunset glow.

There is a sign of promise in the morning,
Though cold and gray it be;
A growing brightness in its shadowy dawning,
But not for you and me.

Ah, cold, cold world! And colder one within us,
On which a sun has set,
Whose genial warmth again will never win us
All others to forget.

While to one world the sun is slow returning
O'er transient day to reign,
To one where late so bright a sun was burning
No sun shall come again.

So then, good-bye; and since I've called thee dearest,
Let me do so once more;
And so the dream that to the heart was nearest
Will be a thing of yore.

And one last kiss; one moment's soft caressing,
For love of love's dead day;
And then, as life reclaims its dearest blessing,
Each turns from each away.

And through all time's dark days and nights of waking
We two shall be apart;
While memory a sepulchre is making
Of what was once a heart.

The Flower Girl.

BY HENRY FRITH.

"SHE has got a face like one of her own rosebuds," said Mr. Wilton.

"I've heard of her more than once," returned Tom Garstone.

"'The pretty Flower Girl,' people call her, don't they? Old Marston has doubled his custom since she came."

"And the best of it all," added Wilton, with a laugh, "is that she is quite unconscious of her own attractions—a little country lassie, who thinks only of her own business, and never dreams that she herself is the sweetest flower of all the assortment."

"Let's go in and buy a Marechal Niel bud and two or three sweet verbena leaves," said Garstone.

"I should really like to see this modern Flora of yours."

Bessie Wintoun stood behind the counter of the florist's store, sorting over a pile of fragrant blossoms which lay on a tray of damp green moss.

And Bessie herself, with her round dimpled face, pink cheeks, and soft brown eyes, exactly the shade of the rippled hair, which was brushed simply back from the broad, low brow was a fitting accessory to the scene.

She looked up as the two gentlemen entered, and a soft crimson shadow overspread her face for a second.

"Have you got one of my favorite buttonhole bouquets made up, Miss Wintoun?" Wilton asked, with a careless bow and smile.

"I know," said Bessie, softly. "A rosebud and a sprig of heath, and two or three myrtle leaves—that is was you like. No; I have none made up, just at present; but I can tie up a bouquet in half a minute, Mr. Wilton."

"One for me too if you please," said Garstone, touching his hat.

"Just the same?"

Bessie lifted the long eyelashes which were like fringes of brown silk, and gave him a shy glance.

"A little different, please. Consult your own taste, Miss Wintoun."

"I like the double blue violets," said Bessie gently, "with geranium leaves."

"Then they shall be my favorite flowers also," said Garstone, gallantly.

The gentlemen had hardly taken their leave when old Marston, the florist, bustled in with round red face, shining bald head, and an air of business all over him.

"Isn't it time you had the theatre bouquets ready?" said he, looking critically around, and moving a glass of freshly-cut callas out of the level sunset beams which at that moment fell, like a sheaf of golden lances, athwart the deep bow window.

"I shall have them ready directly," said Bessie, starting from her reverie. "The flowers are all sorted out."

"We have too many carnations on hand," said the florist, fretfully; "and those gaudy Cape bells are so much dead loss.

"Let the man from the greenhouse know, please, there's a demand for half-open rosebuds and forced lilies of the valley."

"Yes," said Bessie, dreamily, "I will tell him when he comes."

The closed country wagon with its freight of fragrant leaves and deliciously-scented flowers came early in the morning, long before the fat florist was out of bed, and while the silence of an almost enchanted land lay upon the street.

But Bessie Wintoun was there, freshening up the stock of the day before with wet moss and cool water, and clipping the stems of the rosebuds.

"No more carnations, Tom," she said, briskly; "nor amaryllis flowers; and we want plenty of rosebuds and lilies-of-the-valley.

"We have an order for twenty-eight extra bouquets for a dinner-party, and I hope you have brought plenty of camellias, and scarlet geraniums, and those bright flowers."

"I thought perhaps," said honest Tom Foster, who measured six feet in his stocking-feet, and had the face of an amiable giant, "you might want to go back with me to-day, Bessie.

"Your aunt has come on from Kansas, and there's to be a dance out in the old barn, with plenty of candles and evergreen boughs.

"And mother would be proud to welcome you to the old farm-house, Bessie. Your oleander-tree is kept carefully at the south window, and——"

"Dear me!" carelessly interrupted Bessie.

"Why don't they put it in the greenhouse!"

"Because, Bessie," said the young man, reddening, "it reminds us of you. And the meadow-lark in the cage sings beautifully; and old red Brindle has a little spotted calf."

"Has she?" questioned Bessie, indifferently.

Tom Foster looked hard at her.

"Bessie," said he, "you don't care about the old home any longer?"

"Yes, I do," said Bessie, rousing herself; "but——"

She paused suddenly, the rosy color rushing in a carmine tide to her cheek, an involuntary smile dimpling the corners of her fresh lips, as she glanced through the smilax trails in the window.

Tom Foster, following the direction of her eyes, glanced too, just in time to see a tall gentleman lift his hat and bow as he went jauntily past.

"Is that it?" said Tom, bitterly.

"Is what?" petulantly retorted Bessie. "I'm sure I don't know what we are standing here waiting for, and I with the twenty-eight extra bouquets to make up by two o'clock.

"That's all, Tom, I think. Don't forget the lilies-of-the-valley."

"But you haven't answered me, Bessie."

"Answered you what?"

"About the dance in the old barn, and coming back with me when the wagon returns at five o'clock."

"It's quite out of the question," said Bessie, listlessly.

"Bessie!"

"Well?"

"You promised me years ago——"

"Nonsense!" said Bessie, flinging the azaleas and pinks about in fragrant confusion. "I was only a child then."

"But you've no right to go back of your word, Bessie, child or not child."

"I never promised, Tom."

"But you let me believe that one day you would be my wife. And I've lived on the thought of it, Bessie, ever since. And if this city situation of yours should break up my life's hope——"

"Don't hope anything about me, Tom," brusquely interrupted the girl. "Here comes a customer. Please, Tom, don't stand there any longer looking like a ghost."

And honest, heart-broken Tom turned and went with heavy steps out to where the wagon stood, and old Roan was waiting with down-drooping head and half closed eyes.

"It does seem to me," he muttered between his teeth, "that there's nothing left to live for any longer."

Bessie looked half-remorsefully after him.

"I've almost a mind to call him back," said she to herself as she picked out a bunch of white violets for the newcomer. "I do like Tom Foster, but I think he has no business to consider himself engaged to me just because of that boy-and-girl nonsense. One's ideas change as one gets on in life."

And Bessie's cheeks was like the reflection of the pink azaleas, as she thought of Mr. Wilton and the turquoise ring he had given her as a troth-plight.

And Mr. Marston came in presently.

"I've a note from the Robinsons, on the Avenue," said he hurriedly. "They always order their flowers from Keene's, but Keene has disappointed them.

"They want the house decorated for a party to-night—there's not a minute to lose.

"I've telegraphed to Hyde's for ninety yards of smilax and running fern, and a hundred scarlet poinsettias; and I think we can manage the rest ourselves.

"You had better go at once, Miss Wintoun and plan the decoration—you've a pretty taste of your own—and I'll send up the flowers, with Tom to help you."

And Bessie went, her mind still on the turquoise ring, with its band of virgin gold and its radiant blue stone.

The Robinson mansion was a brown stone palace, with plate-glass casements, and a vestibule paved with black and orange marble.

Mrs. Robinson, a stately matron, in a Watteau wrapper and blonde cap, received Bessie in the great drawing-room.

"Oh!" said she, lifting her eye-glasses; "you're from the florist's, are you? Well, I know nothing about these things—I only want the rooms to look elegant.

"Tell your husband to spare no expense."

"Mr. Marston is not my husband," said Bessie.

"Your father then."

"But he isn't my father," insisted Bessie half laughing; "he's no relation at all. I will tell him however."

"Exactly," said Mrs. Robinson. "I particularly desire plenty of white roses, as I am told they are customary at this sort of affair. It's an engagement party."

"Indeed," said Bessie, trying to look interested.

"Between my daughter Dora and Mr. Frederick Wilton," said Mrs. Robinson, with conscious complacency.

Bessie said nothing; but the room, with its fluted cornices and lofty ceilings, seemed to swim around her like the waves of the sea.

And as she went out with Mrs. Robinson still chatting about white rosebuds and begonia-leaves, she passed the half open door of a room, all hung with blue velvet, where a fair-haired beauty sat smiling on a low divan, with Mr. Wilton bending tenderly above her.

"He has only been amusing himself with me," said Bessie to herself.

There was a sharp ache at her heart; but after all, it was only the sting of wounded pride.

Thank Heaven, oh, thank Heaven, it was nothing worse than that!

Honest Tom Foster was driving old Roan steadily and soberly along past the patch of woods, where the velvet-mossed boulders lay like dormant beasts of prey in the spring twilight, when a grey shadow glided out of the other shadows, and stood at his side.

"Tom!" she whispered.

"Bessie! it's never you?"

"Yes, Tom," said the girl, gently, but steadily; "I'm going back home with you."

"Heaven bless you, Bessie!" said the young man, fervently.

"For good and all, Tom, if you'll take me," said Bessie, shyly; "I've had quite enough of city life, and I'll help you with the green-houses, and I'll try to be a good little house-keeper at home. Shall I, Tom?"

Tom put his arm around her and hugged her up to his side.

"Darling!" said he, huskily, "it's most too good news to be true; but if my word is worth anything, you shall never regret your decision of this day."

So the pretty flower-girl vanished out of the bower of smilax and rosebuds.

The Robinson mansion wasn't decorated at all; and Mr. Marston had lost his new customer.

And the turquoise ring went back to Mr. Wilton in a blank envelope.

THE RICH AND THEIR MONEY.—If rich people in England should see fit to bring down their domestic expenditure to that usual among families of similar means here, they would very soon be able not merely to recoup themselves for the losses of several bad harvests, but to save vast sums of money. In our large Eastern cities, family men with anything under $25,000 a year spend more freely than Englishmen with the same income; but as regards those with incomes over that amount it is quite another matter. It might be safely asserted that in the whole of this country there are not five persons who spend on their establishments $100,000. A careful estimate, made a year or so ago by persons eminently qualified to make it, brought such an expediture up to $65,000. It included a town house, a yacht, a villa at the seashore, and a country-seat.

What rung away with incomes of from $50,000 to $250,000 in England is the keeping up of country seats, hounds, hospitality, and game preserves. At Drumlaurig Castle, for instance, one of its owner's ten residences, there are eighty miles of grass drive kept in order; at Gridge, more than forty. Add to this acres of garden and grass and the expenses of park-keepers, and game-keepers, and it is easy to see where the money goes. If there is a hunting establishment on a liberal scale, at least $20,000 a year must be added.

Again, while the hospitality of an average well-to-do American favorably compares with that of an Englishman with similar means, that of the broad-acred Englishman is immensely greater than that of the American millionaire. The latter gives some dinner parties, and perhaps, an annual ball, and keeps a dozen servants; the Englishman, on the other hand, besides constantly entertaining in town, often sits down to dinner for weeks at a time with twenty guests, staying, with their servants, in his country house, and feeds from fifty to sixty every day in his servants' hall, with as much beef and beer as they please to consume. More than this, he at times entertains whole schools and parishes, besides giving away hundreds of pounds in the shape of beef and blankets at Christmas. He subscribes, too, to every public charity in the county; sometimes in two or three counties.

Merely to take a single example, there is Lord Derby, with ten men servants in his house, and about forty more domestics feeding daily at his board. Supposing to-morrow he and his wife should agree to struggle along on $100,000 a year, he could save at least $800,000 a year; while were the Dukes of Westminster, Devonshire, and Bedford to do likewise, their savings would be still greater. Supposing Lord Derby, to save at this rate for thirty years, what a millionaire he would become.

Twenty years ago there died a queer old bachelor, Lord Digby, who owned Raleigh's ill-fated home of Sherborne Castle. He was a most liberal landlord, but did not care to spend more than some $35,000 a year, and let his money go rolling up, investing it all in the three per cents. His income was not a fourth of Lord Derby's, but he left in the funds $4,500,000. As a rule, a peer leaves comparatively little behind him; $1,000,000 would be regarded an unusually large sum for a man with $400,000 a year to have, and there is but one case on record—that of Lord Dysart, an eccentric recluse—of a peer leaving over $7,500,000 personalty.

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THERE are political outbreaks so popular with the whole people that the state dare not interfere. The breaking out of pustules, pimples, tetter and the like, on the face, can be pleasantly cured by Dr. Benson's Skin Cure. Also good for the hair and scalp.

Scientific and Useful

LEMONS.—Lemons may be kept fresh a long time by putting them in a jar of water and changing the water every morning.

OLD RUBBER.—To utilize old rubber the pieces are heated in contact with steam, when the sulphur is volatilized and the caoutchouc melts, and is collected as a liquid, used in preparing water-proof covers, etc.

THE TELEPHONE.—In Belgium one may arrange with a telephone company to be roused at any particular hour of the night or morning; when the hour comes, the bell begins to ring, and it continues ringing till the person is answered by telephone.

HOLES IN PORCELAIN.—It is sometimes necessary to bore one or more holes in porcelain, but the usual way of doing this is not easy. If, however, an ordinary drill be hardened and kept moist with oil of turpentine it will easily penetrate the porcelain.

STAINS ON MARBLE.—Many receipts have been published with the view of removing marble stains, all of which, however, are practically useless, if it is intended entirely to eradicate them. The best process is to rub the marble with fine emery and water, to remove the surface of smoke stain, and afterwards to polish it with tin-putty and elbow-grease.

NICKEL-PLATING.—A simple process of nickel-plating by boiling has been invented. A bath of pure granulated tin tartar and water is prepared, and after boing heated to the boiling point, has added to it a small quantity of pure red-hot nickel oxide. A portion of the nickel will soon dissolve and give a green color to the liquid over the grains of tin. Articles of copper or brass plunged into this bath acquire in a few minutes a bright metallic coating of almost pure nickel.

PHOTOGRAPHING ROGUES.—A device has been introduced to enable the photographer to get a picture of criminals when they are not aware of it. Instead of a cap upon the camera tube, the removal of which has been always taken by criminals as a signal to dodge so that the negative will be spoiled, there is a black leather shield inside of the camera tube, which serves all the purposes of a cap, and which, when all is prepared for the picture, is noiselessly raised by the operator, who presses a spring in a handle that he carries about with him as he watches the expression of his subject's face. The handle is connected with two wires leading to a battery and to a magnet within the camera. When the spring is touched a connection is formed, and the leather shield is is lifted. The device enables a photographer to take instantaneously the expression of the face.

Farm and Garden.

SAWDUST.—Sawdust is too dry to be valuable in manure or composts. Burn the sawdust to convert it to ashes and use these, which contain all there is of value in the sawdust.

THE GRAPE VINE.—Potash is an excellent fertiliser for the grape-vine. Fork in around the roots a few pecks of wood-ashes. Cow manure contains a large portion of potash and but a small amount of nitrogen, consequently it is a better fertilizer than horse manure for the grape vine.

HOW TO KILL WEEDS.—Grass and weeds of every description growing in gravel walks may be exterminated the most expeditiously and cheaply by the application of salt in liberal quantities. If one dose is not enough apply a second. A barrel of salt, cost a trifle over a dollar, will destroy more weeds in a gravel walk than a man can kill in the course of a week.

A NEW DIGGER.—The latest addition to agricultural implements in England is the "steam-digger," which is a combination of the plow and the spade. In the short space of an hour, and at a working cost of one dollar and a quarter, it will turn over an acre of ground, and that too in such a way as to produce superior cultivation. The inventor claims that it will do as much work as 170 men a day, but we do not imagine that it will supersede the man-digger immediately.

STORING APPLES.—An Iowa paper has the following to say about storing apples in a damp cellar: Dampness does not injure apples, but on the contrary some assert that it prevents them from evaporating their own water. If we mistake not in this same experience was related the fact that a large quantity of apples were placed in unheaded barrels and set in a cellar which had three or four inches of water in it. The barrels were set on something above the water-stones or timbers, and it was claimed that it was very seldom that apples kept so excellently.

KEEPING SHEEP.—A farm can be stocked with sheep for less money than with cattle, horses or hogs. Sheep come nearer to utilizing everything that grows on the farm than other animals. Less labor will be required for getting feed and stock together. The returns will come in sooner and oftener than with any other farm stock except hogs. Less money is required for shelter and fencing, and less labor is involved in herding, where outside pasturage is accessible.

THE Lungs are Strained and Racked by a persistent Cough, the general strength wasted, and an incurable complaint often established thereby. Dr. Jayne's Expectorant is an effective remedy for Coughs and Colds, and exerts a beneficial effect on the Pulmonary and Bronchial Organs.

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SATURDAY EVENING, OCT. 29, 1881.

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"A SHADOWED LOVE."

In the present issue of THE POST we begin a new serial under the above title. It is by one of the leading writers of the day, and in respect to plot, delineation of character, thrilling situations, and deep interest, will be found to equal the best that have yet appeared in our columns. We heartily commend it to the attention of our readers.

UNCLASSED MEN.

However narrow be the circle of our acquaintance, we are sure to find in it one or two men who are off the high road of life, and wandering in the wastes. While others are pursuing professions and callings by which future existence will be assured, the youngsters we are treating of learn nothing, and live as if they were of no further use, while in fact they are only rising to the heyday of life. They do not comprise only the shiftless, but even more largely include the favored sons of the well-to-do. When circumstances do not press them, they take no note of their danger, but when the world in which one has lived flies like a fairy phantasm, as it certainly will sooner or later, he will wake to the horrible truth of his "worth." He will realize in all its agony what it is to be unclassed in a country where every grade is defining its borders more minutely hour by hour.

The silent rebuke of the tolling hosts rouses agony in the heart of the unclassed man, who stands apart from them by accident, and not by choice. The monk-like solitude to which parental neglect or unwisdom has condemned him is all too hard to bear. Yet what can he do in a society where the classified will not allow the unclassified to commingle? It is right for society to insist on each of its units doing something for the common weal. But its ranks are closed to the man who knows no craft.

Pitiful is the fate of the better sort of the unclassed who fail to get over the impediments besetting them by their thirtieth year. Precluded from living a domestic life, shut out from the ordinary encouragements and consolations of humanity, they begin to yield to the overwhelming odds against them. Few survive to forty, and these are not the best. When a man can live on a mere pittance per week, in a squalid lodging, with no sanctifying object before him, he has either lived out his nobler nature, or he has not had one. In our time, when "living" is becoming more and more a purposeful thing, to be employed skilfully and for other than personal ends, it is almost impossible for a man of high spirit and high intentions to survive the death of hope. Some of the unclassed are gifted with unusual powers, mental and emotional, and are hindered there from falling into the proscribed ranks. These cannot live in uncongenial surroundings. They yearn to bless the world with their talents, and to leave names behind them that are not "writ in water." If they are rejected, they turn their faces to the wall and die.

SANCTUM CHAT.

A LONDON journal thinks that when women begin to work they will smoke also, and that doubtless there will come a day when Worth will always add to his dresses a dainty little tobacco pouch or cigarette pocket.

—

DWARF evergreens are now considered fashionable ornaments for house and table decorations. There are a great many species and varieties, but the specimens about ten to fifteen inches in height look better for dinner-tables, while for halls, balconies and vestibules they can vary from one foot upwards.

—

THE *Pall Mall Gazette*, after recapitulating the marvelous economical progress of this country, says: If our old continent could be in the form of the United States of Europe, without army and navy, and should be rapidly diminishing its debt, we could more easily compete with them. But only socialists seem to entertain such a dream.

—

THE forest fires which lately devastated Eastern Michigan were not without some compensation. While they destroyed many human lives and much valuable property, they also swept clean of brush and scrub growth thousands of acres of land, which would otherwise have remained a wilderness, but which is now ready for immediate cultivation.

—

RECENTLY the Marquis of Bute had an heir born to him, and the affair was celebrated with, among other things, a treat to about 25,000 Sunday-school children in his park, for whom twelve tons of cake were provided, and three and one-half miles of table-cloth were spread. Each child who was entertained wore a badge emblazoned with the arms of one of the numerous titles which the Marquis bears.

—

THE opinion entertained by the blue-blooded German nobility that it is degrading to one of their high lineage to busy himself with any of the learned professions, is occasionally denied by some of the younger and more sensible noblemen. Duke Theodore of Bavaria has won an enviable reputation as a physician, and particularly as one who devotes himself with noble compassion and sympathy to the alleviation of the sufferings of the poor. We now hear also of Prince Ernest Meiningen, who has studied law in Strasburg, as about to undergo the usual government examinations for admission to the practice of the legal profession. This is a rare proceeding in Germany.

—

A PROMINENT professor, in a paper on artificial respiration, read before the French Academy, states that he was enabled to restore life to a child, three years old, three hours after apparent death, by practicing artificial respiration on it for four hours. Another physician reports a somewhat similar case. He reanimated a person nearly drowned, after four hours of artificial respiration. The person had been in the water ten minutes, and the doctor arrived an hour after asphyxia.

—

PARIS fashion announces the advent of the paralune as a supplement to the parasol. The rays of the moon are quite as dangerous as those of the sun, say the chroniclers of the novelty. One can be moonstruck just as one can have a sunstroke. If the sun browns skin, the moon dries it and wears it out just as it effects the surface of stone. Therefore, the ladies who in summer stay at country houses, where long country walks at night are often arranged that one may enjoy the moonlight, should remember to secure one of the dainty paralunes made in gauze, lined with red silk, which are declared to be the last effort of fashion.

—

SIEMENS, the well-known European electrician, claims to have discovered by experiments that flowers and fruits can be ripened by electric light. The first trials were not very satisfactory, so clouds were imitated by jets of steam, and the rays also intercepted by thin plates of glass. White glass produced the most vigorous growth, yellow the next, red and blue producing only lanky growths. The cost was only twelve cents a night for 5,000 candle power. If this is true, winter peaches, peas and other luxuries will be within reach, while a summer drought may be defied to do its worst. December will be the planting month, and February will be the harvest season.

—

"THE Children's Garfield Home" is a new project in memory of the late President, which originated in the suggestion of a little boy, Willie P. Herrick, for founding a "Garfield Home" for poor and sick children by subscriptions from the children of America. Willie wrote to the New York *Evening Post* about it, but that paper having declined to act as banker of the fund, the *St. Nicholas Magazine for Young Folks* announces that it will reprint Willie's suggestion in its November number, believing that its young readers will be glad to learn of the project and to give it practical aid; and the publishers of *St. Nicholas* have volunteered to receive and credit all subscriptions to the "Garfield Home" that may be sent them, with the understanding that if the total amount subscribed should prove insufficient for the founding of a Home, it may be applied in the form of a "Children's Garfield Fund" to the benefit of the Poor Children's Summer Home, or some kindred charity of New York city.

—

THE relative merits of domestic and asylum methods of treating the insane deserve far more earnest attention than they have yet received. By the insane is meant not those persons for whom a technical plea of unsoundness of mind is set up in order that they may escape the consequences of murderous acts, but those who in every-day life betray aberration. For the first class a short shrift and a long rope make the best remedy; for the latter, all that science and sympathy, that head and heart can suggest for their alleviation, should be welcomed. There is in many cases of lunacy a period when entire change of life and its surroundings may effect that possibly permanent cure which may have been long looked for in vain. Some, therefore, advance the opinion that many convalescing patients in asylums would run a far better chance of permanent and speedy recovery if placed under proper domestic care. But the more closely this subject is considered, the more thickly the difficulties present themselves in the way of obtaining a practicable conclusion. Anyway, this fact must not be lost sight of in dealing with the insane, that any mere machine process is useless, whether practiced in the home or in an institution. The sane must with a strong brotherly or sisterly hand guide the insane with a gentleness and care to the firm paths of sense from the fearful bogs to which a mind overthrown tends to rush. In the reclamation of the insane, as in any great work whatever, the success depends very much on the heart that is put into the endeavor.

—

EGYPT is a small country. The fertile parts hardly exceed the area of the State of New Jersey. The public debt amounts to-day to over $450,000,000. The revenue is barely $42,500,000, and out of this $20,000,000 has to be paid away to the creditors, and $3,500,000 goes to the Sultan. Thus a comparatively small sum is left for other purposes. Nevertheless, Egypt seems to prosper in spite of her heavy burdens, and last year she not only paid what she was bound to pay, but she also paid $1,500,000 on her bonds. The improved credit has caused universal hopefulness as to the future of Egypt. Capital is pouring into the country, and a great number of companies for sugar refining, irrigation, land cultivation, jute-growing and building purposes have been established. The money rate of interest has fallen from 12 per cent. to about five per cent., and land which sold three years ago at $50 an acre, is now sought in vain at $150. The country is still burdened by a heavy debt and a useless army.

—

THERE is a great portion of this planet which is not yet finished and fenced in. We have 710,088,000 acres of available land not yet surveyed, but open to settlement, and 734,951,000 acres surveyed, but not yet taken up. This is exclusive of Alaska, where we have a domain vast in extent, and possibly possessing great value. But England has still more virgin land than we. In the Australian colonies she has 2,000,000,000 acres of land never yet touched; in Cape Colony 52,000,000 acres all ready for settlement, but with no settlers; in Natal, Ceylon and the West Indies, 14,500,000 acres, and in Canada probably something like 1,500,000,000 acres of unoccupied and very fertile lands. Here is a vast heritage belonging to the English-speaking people of the world—a heritage large enough to give a farm of 160 acres to 31,325,000 families of five persons each, or to 156,625,000 persons. The time may come when the world will be too crowded with people, but that time is evidently not very near at hand.

—

THE showing of one's friendship implies a willingness to take trouble, to make sacrifices, to be obliging and generous for one's friends. Singularly enough there are many people who do not in the least object to large displays of friendship, who on the contrary, effloresce at stated periods in gifts and souvenirs, or who forget their own ease if one they love is in great danger, who are yet unfriendly in the small commerce and the ordinary relations of life. They are not fond of visiting, so the friend in the next street or city never sees them. They dislike to write letters, so correspondence with the absent grows feeble and intermittent. Hospitality burdens them, and they do not invite guests lest there must be an extra plate and cup at the table, a little more than the usual garniture of rooms and board, and a little fatigue in going hither or thither for the guest's entertainment. Company is troublesome, and therefore as they go on toward middle-age company seeks them no more. Yet the same people would watch by the sick bed night after night, and fly to your assistance were the house on fire. How often we find persons whose sole interest in the world centres in their peculiar environment. They care for their wives, their children, their little household circle, and for none besides. As one by one, change, removal or death takes their beloved from them, they have no outer set to fold them closely with sympathy and kindness. As they have elected to be solitary, they remain solitary. Make friends. You do not know when you may need sympathy or assistance. You will not lose in the long run by having the acquaintance and respect of a large circle of estimable people, how much soever you may occasionally have to inconvenience yourself to retain their regard and good-will.

LOVE THOU THY LAND.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Love thou the land, with love far brought
From out the storied Past, and used
Within the Present, but transfused
Through future time by power of thought.

True love turned round on fixed poles,
Love that endures not sordid ends,
For kindred natures, freemen, friends,
Thy brothers and immortal souls.

. . . . . .

Oh, yet if Nature's evil star
Drive men in manhood, as in youth,
To follow flying steps of Truth
Across the brazen bridge of war—

If new and old, disastrous feud,
Must ever shock, like armed foes,
And this be true, till Time shall close,
That principles are ruled in blood:

Not yet the wise of heart would cease
To hold his hope thro' shame and guilt,
But with his hand against the hilt
Would pace the troubled land like Peace;

Not less, tho' dogs of faction bay,
Would serve his kind in deed and word,
Certain, if knowledge bring the sword,
That knowledge takes the sword away—

Would love the gleams of good that broke
From either side nor veil his eyes,
And if some dreadful need should rise,
Would strike, and firmly, and one stroke;

To-morrow yet would reap to-day,
As we bear blossom of the dead;
Earn well the thrifty months, nor wed
Raw Haste, half sister to Delay.

"Twitters."

BY THEO. GIFT.

CHAPTER I.

A DROWSY afternoon in the latter part of August; sun low in the horizon, glaring through a bank of reddish-gray clouds; a river running lazily by corn-fields and willow-beds and tall whispering rushes; a dry grassy bank, under the spreading bows of a gnarled old pollard oak; birds twittering among the branches overhead, crickets chirping among the grasses underfoot; a great yellow-bodied bee flying homeward with a drowsy, buzzing hum; and a crumpled mass of blue muslin and yellow curls wedged into a snug hollow beside something picturesque in brown cords and rough velveteen.

Two blue eyes looking into two brown ones; two small dimpled hands crushed in a strong man's grasp. Far away, the thatched roofs of a village half hid by trees; farther still, ranges of dim lilac hills, and a misty gold-colored sky.

There is my picture, a study from the life; and the figures therein real, moving, breathing, sentient objects; not mere masses of cobalt and sepia, with a light wash of ochre here, and a careful stippling of umber there.

Nevertheless, if I may be allowed to carry out my simile, neutral tint was for the moment the prevailing color in the tableau; and the male figure in cords and velveteen was speaking in that low, husky, passion-broken voice so suggestive of a coming storm.

"I wish it would be, Twitters! I wish to heaven it could be! I never loved you so well, my darling pet, as now, when I have to lose you.

"I can't break my word, so I must go; mustn't I, Twitters? But O, my dearest, it nearly breaks my heart to do it; it does indeed. Don't look so wretched, my pet child. It's a million times worse for me than it is for you."

"No it isn't," said Twitters, whose dear little snub nose was very red, and whose big blue eyes became suddenly moist and dazzled at the suggestion. Her voice, too, sounded short, and suggestive of a bad cold in the head: a combination of circumstances which suddenly impelled Mr. Reginald—or more commonly Rex—Wyndham to take blue muslin, golden curls, and sweet tearful little face into his arms, and proceed to dry the wet eyes, and steady the trembling lips in a rough greedy manner, equally improper and impolite.

"It's only once, and it's the last time too, Twitters darling," he said, in excuse for himself, as the little captive struggled out of his grasp.

"There, I won't do it again: and I'm going away at once; so don't be angry. O child, I wish I were not going; or that I had never gone abroad at all: or that any one would shoot me before I get to London. I declare I'd give a guinea to any one who'd put an ounce of lead into me at the present moment."

"And so would I," said Twitters; a mark of sympathy which had the effect of making Mr. Wyndham give a little jump and eye his companion more closely, as he asked, in a tone of pained surprise.

"Would you, child? Do you hate me so very much, then?"

"I don't hate you at all," said poor little Twitters, beginning to snivel like the child she almost was in reality; "but—but I don't like you to go away, and be so unhappy.

"And, O, why—why did you ever promise to marry her, if you don't like her?

"O, it used to be so nice here; and—and I thought" (the sweet voice quivering piteously) "we should be so happy always."

Rex Wyndham looked down on the poor little white flower-face, took the wee hands in his, and said, speaking very solemnly,

"My darling, if I stop here, if I do what I would like best—what I would give my head to do—and that is marry you, I should be a dishonored man. I should be the first who has ever disgraced the Wyndham name. I should never care to read the *Sans tache* on our crest again; but I don't care even for that—I mean I *won't* care for it—if you bid me stay, and if it will make you happy again. I love you, my innocent love, better that honor or anything else; and I'd lose everything in life—ay, go through even the disgrace of that most disgraceful scene, a breach-of-promise case, rather than bring one tear into those dear blue eyes. So tell me freely—choose for me, remembering how I love you—shall I go, or may I—shall I stay?"

He reached out one hand as he spoke, so as to touch her soft bright hair; for she was sobbing passionately, with her pretty face buried in the long grass where she had shrunk away from his embrace; but at that appeal she made a brave effort to check her tears, and after a brief second looked up and answered:

"No, no, Rex; you must go—of course you must—and don't mind so much about me; for I won't be very unhappy, if you are not. Only, Rex dear, do try to be happy.

"She may be nicer than you think, after all; and you and I can always be brother and sister at least—like we were before, you know," the girl added, with a wistful upward glance, as if pleading against the dissent of greater worldly wisdom in her lover's eyes.

"You need not forget me, you know. I don't think I *could* bear that; but think of me as staying quietly here, taking care of auntie and your grandfather as usual; and then, perhaps, you will bring your wife here sometimes, when—when all this is forgotten, and we are only friends again.

"I am so young, and you are not old either; it must come to that *some* day; and so go now, Rex dear.

"Please go now quickly; for, though I am crying, it isn't because I am unhappy; at least if I am, it is my own fault, and not yours at all.

"Remember that, and good-bye, dear. Good-bye and God bless you!"

Rex did not say one word in reply to this speech. Knowing how and why he was parting from this little girl, there was nothing he could say in honesty that would not have damped her innocent provisions, and cast a chill on the courage she was trying so hard to show for his sake.

Therefore he answered nothing in words, but for one moment the short dark locks and the yellow curls mingled in one bright mass.

For one moment the strong young man held the tiny maiden in his powerful arms; and then, with a hoarsely whispered, "Good-bye and God bless *you*, my darling! "Forgive me when I'm gone," Rex Wyndham unclasped his hold, and turning resolutely away, leapt up the grassy bank, and on at a brisk pace towards the railway station across the meadows.

He never looked back once—perhaps he did dare; and Twitters lay among the sedges and the scented grass, and cried as if her heart would break.

Rex Wyndham was the only grandson of Sir Wyndham Wyndham of Gorseleigh, in Downshire.

His father had died—killed by a fall when hunting—while the boy was still a mere baby. The villagers will show you the place now—a tall rugged hedge, with a drop of a good three feet on the further side into a narrow stony lane—where the young squire went over and broke his own neck, and his gallant gray's as well.

"Mistook the place, sir, for one a few yards lower down, an' killed 'isself on the spot. Why, the flints all about was spattered with 'is blood, pore young gent! and look at yon stain on the milestone.

"Ef you'll believe me, that's some on it still." Which I did not believe, however, and do not now, being under the impression that any blood that had been there would have been washed off by rain or other causes long since.

Anyhow, the young squire was buried, and his widow and her child had lived on at the Hall until the present day. A weak frail-looking woman, young Mrs. Wyndham, and one who had probably loved her handsome dashing husband too well to care for marrying again; but had she ever contemplated such a step at any time it is not at all likely that she would have been permitted to carry it into execution; her father-in-law having a decided objection to second marriages, and being of a dogmatic capricious temper, with a capacity for domestic tyranny before which the Grand Turk might easily assume the character of a submissive and henpecked underling.

By some mischance the Gorseleigh estate had never been entailed; and during Reginald's boyhood Sir Wyndham Wyndham had threatened—not once, but fifty times at least—to cut the lad off with a shilling, and send him adrift to shift for himself.

"I can leave my money to the county hospital if I choose; and by George, ma'am, I will too!" he would thunder out at his pale subdued little daughter-in-law. "Let me hear of your son ringing the church-bells at night again, or playing ghost to frighten respectable young women, and he goes, ma'am—goes like a shot—no fear!" A threat which was no idle one, by the way; the baronet having already on one occasion, and for very slight provocation, turned off the estate a very worthy man whose fathers and forefathers had been tenants of the Wyndhams for more than a century.

Nevertheless, Rex had always been brought up as the heir of Gorseleigh—had been first sent to Eton and then to Cambridge; and was about as capable of earning his own living, except as boatman, whip, or gamekeeper, as the generality of young men educated under a similar *regime*.

And Twitters? Who was she? No one of any great consequence, of the very smallest consequence indeed possible, being the daughter of a former curate of Gorseleigh, a good and worthy man, who first taught little Rex to decline Latin nouns and work out the rule-of-three, and who was one of the few people in the world whom Sir Wyndham Wyndham held in thorough respect. His wife, a dear and valued friend of Mrs. Wyndham's, had died in childbirth; and the little girl, whose mournful entry into the world had made her an additional object of interest and kindness, soon became a great favorite with the tender-hearted widow, and Rex's faithful companion, playmate, and slave.

Even the squire took to her; not that he was fond of children in general, but that, happening one day to come across her in the park, where she and her nurse were picking flowers, the little thing ran up to him with a tall spray of fox-glove, thrusting it into his hands with the words.

"Will'oo have a f'ower, man, to make'oo pitty?"

Sir Wyndham Wyndham started, burst out laughing, and then exclaimed.

"Why, this is Trevor's baby! And what's your name, eh, young woman? Polly or Jemima?" Upon which, the little lady, whose nurse happened to rejoice in the second appellation, drew herself up with three-year-old dignity, and announced herself as "Mith Twitters"—a corruption of "Travers," which became her nickname at the Hall from that day forth.

As for Rex, he protected and bullied his little playmate much as the baronet did Mrs. Wyndham. He tied her to a tree, and then forgot her, and left her there for hours. He harnessed her to a little cart, and whipped her when she didn't go fast enough.

He took away her toys, and broke them to find out how they were made. He melted her best waxdoll in the nursery grate. And in return Twitters adored him, and trotted after him like his shadow wherever he went, rejoicing even then in the title of his "little wife."

She was only eight years old when her father died, stricken down suddenly by fever while attending a sick family among his poor parishioners; and the sole thought which seemed to trouble or disturb the dying clergyman was what would become of her, and who would take care of her after he was gone.

"My poor little child, my little Amy! If I could but take her with me to her mother!" was the suffering father's constant moan; and gentle Mrs. Wyndham, coming to see what she could do for him, heard the piteous words, and answered, in her kind womanly way.

"Don't fret about Amy, Mr. Travers. If she has nowhere better to go she shall come to me and be my daughter. I have always wished I had one, and I love the child. Besides, Rex would break his heart if he did not find her here when he comes back from school."

The poor curate's anxious brow lightened and tears of gratitude rose to the dim hollowing eyes.

"But — Sir Wyndham —" he faltered tremulously; and Mrs. Wyndham laid her hand on his and answered.

"Sir Wyndham will not object. He is very kind-hearted, and he has always liked her. She amuses him. I do not ask him for many things, and I am sure he will not grudge me this."

She was right. When all was over, indeed, and the remains of poor Mr. Travers had been committed to the quiet village churchyard, Mrs. Wyndham was startled out of a silent meditation, as to how best to propound her request to the squire, by receiving a peremptory order from that gentleman to go down to the late curate's cottage and see about that child.

"If she has nowhere else to go, bring her here for awhile," he said gruffly. "I don't believe Travers had a relation in the world, and it would be a pity for that saucy little brat to go to the workhouse. There's a lot of room for her in the old house, so long as she doesn't get in my way. You must see to that."

A command which his daughter-in-law obeyed with cheerful gratitude, never even hinting that she had already anticipated by promise his kind intentions.

So when Rex came home for the holidays he found Twitters regularly domesticated at the Hall as one of the family; and thus time rolled on with the boy and girl, he patronizing, teasing, and ordering her about as formerly, but always good-natured to her, and fond of her as a younger sister; she doing his exercises for him, mending his gloves, taking care of his pets, and ever loving and admiring him with her whole heart, until, when Rex was eighteen and his companion four years younger, he went to college, and so broke with boyhood and childish fun and romp for ever.

He had "grown up into a man," Twitters said, and she was only a little schoolgirl.

Of course he did not care to talk to her and amuse her in the vacations as formerly; and when at two-and-twenty he left Cambridge for good, and returned home, finding Twitters grown up into a very pretty girl, quiet and much too demure and womanly to be kissed and bullied as of yore, he had no time to learn anything of her in this new phase, for the shooting season was just commencing, and after hardly a fortnight at home he went off to Scotland, on a visit to some friends in the north.

Then after that he returned to London with one of these friends, and from there wrote urgent letters to his grandfather, begging to be allowed to go abroad and travel a little, so as to "rub up modern languages" and see something of life before he settled down.

Sir Wyndham Wyndham didn't much like it—didn't see the use of modern languages.

"A fellow wasn't born to be a courier or a hair-dresser; and surely English, with just enough Latin and Greek to be able to skim an ode from Horace or quote a verse of Homer to your sons, ought to be enough for an English gentleman.

"It was just idleness and tomfoolery and confounded good-for-nothingness, that was all; and if Master Rex thought he would come back one of those Frenchified fools who part their hair down the middle and can't speak their mother tongue without a lisp, he might, but he would not find a welcome at Gorseleigh, that was all.

"No, by George, no fear!"

After all which he gave in, filled the young man up a cheque for a liberal sum, and suffered him to go where he would.

And so Rex went and wandered about very pleasantly, "seeing life" in various ways; and at Baden Baden he fell in with a certain Captain Scott and his sister, both of whom had seen a great deal more of life in every way than young Mr. Wyndham, and who happened, to his extreme ill luck, to be staying at the same hotel as himself.

CHAPTER II.

MISS SCOTT and her brother looked on Reginald's acquaintance as anything but unlucky; rather as a fortunate chance indeed, and one by no means to be thrown away.

This couple—not to waste too many words upon them—belonged to a class only too common in those continental towns where gambling is the profession *par excellence*, and baccarat and roulette form the aim and end of life.

In more than one of these places they were tolerably well known already; but unfortunately Rex Wyndham had not seen enough of life to find out this for himself; and long before he had discovered that the tall glorious beauty, who looked barely three-and-twenty by gas-light, was in reality full ten years older; that her manners, which he thought simply foreign and unconventional, were loud and vulgar, her language fast, her reputation more than doubtful, and her brother a "leg" of the most dangerous class,—Adelaide's magnificent eyes and shoulders, combined with a power of fascination which had more than once proved overwhelming to far older men, had been successful in entangling Sir Wyndham Wyndham's young heir into the meshes of a formal engagement.

God knows, indeed, if he might not have been worked up into marrying her then and there—I fully believe Miss Scott intended it—but the news of his mother's illness, conveyed in a letter from Twitters, summoned him suddenly to England; and he departed, promising his betrothed wife to announce his engagement at home, and return to her as soon as he possibly could, even while down in the depths of his heart he was beginning already to acknowledge the humiliating truth, "I have made a fool of myself."

Poor lad! he was not the first who had done so, nor will he be the last.

Home Rex returned accordingly, and, unhappily for all parties, at home he found Amy Travers grown sweeter and prettier a hundred-fold than when he left England six months before, "standing where the waters meet, womanhood and girlhood sweet;" and the pride and delight of every one about her.

It was she who nursed his mother; she who waited on the squire, and walked and rode with him; she who kept the accounts, wrote letters, read aloud, and made a sunshine in the grim old Hall by the mere fact of her bright presence.

She was such a winning, loving little thing too; a little shy and timid, perhaps, with the son of the house, now that he was grown into a tall handsome man, with broad shoulders and bronzed mustaches; but this change from the saucy familiarity of other days was rather flattering than otherwise to Mr. Rex, and caused him to give more attention to his mother's young ward than he might otherwise have done.

It is a dangerous thing when a man begins to study a girl whom he has known all his life; doubly dangerous when the girl is not only lovely, but loveable and loving into the bargain; for Rex soon found that, once he had conquered this new maidenly reserve, there, close beneath lay the old warm worshipping affection, guarded loyally in her fresh innocent heart, and ready to put forth new leaves, and spring into bud and blossom at his awakening touch—how readily, indeed, he himself had no idea; but then he did not know what Mrs. Wyndham had been doing for him in her absence! Long ago—before Twitters was in her French Grammar indeed—the title of "little wife" had been dropped by her as regarded Rex; but the idea sown by it had never quite faded out of Mrs. Wyndham's mind; and as the girl she had adopted grew, day by day and month by month, closer to her heart, it increased and strengthened, till once, during her tedious illness, she could keep it to herself no longer, and whispered softly to the patient little nurse at her side.

"Even if I die, Twitters dear, you will always have a home here; and perhaps, some day, you and Rex may share it together."

"He will never love anybody as well as you, I am sure; and my only prayer is that I may live to see you his wife, as you are already my daughter.

"I hope I may. I hope it will soon come to pass.

"I should like him to settle down with us so dearly;" and then, like all injudicious middle-aged gentle-women, the invalid began to build pretty little castles in the air

for Rex and Twitters to reign over, until the young girl learnt to think of her former playmate in quite a new light, and to dream of his return and blush at the sound of his name.

All very foolish, you'll say, and all Mrs. Wyndham's fault, and very wrong and indiscreet of her; but, then, what did *she* know of Adelaide Scott?

Well, as I have said before, Rex came home; and while studying Twitters in the new sweetness of her growing womanhood, wandering about the park with her, reading to her, or cantering over the breezy Downshire uplands at her side, never thought of falling in love with her, never even dreamt of the danger of the thing, only felt dreamily that he was happier than he had ever been before, and left himself drift on in the sweet sunshiny present, almost forgetful at times of the engagement that bound him to Miss Scott, and the ring he had placed on her finger, until the arrival one morning of a letter in his *fiancee's* handwriting, and bearing the London postmark, recalled him, with a quick pang of something like repulsion, to the recollection of his chains.

Adelaide informed him that she and her brother had returned to England, and were domiciled at No. 19 Alexandra Terrace, St. John's Wood, where she trusted he would run up to see them as soon as might be.

Also she intimated prettily that it was her love for him which had prevented her remaining in Germany, reproached him for not writing oftener, and wound up by subscribing herself, "Your own, forever and ever, Adelaide."

"*My* own, forever and ever," repeated Mr. Wyndham, as he finished the epistle, and then he groaned; he did not exactly know why, except that he had been a fool. "I never really loved her a bit. It was all just glamor and passion. I don't know anything about her, and I wish her brother were at the devil," muttered the young man. "What should I marry now for? I don't want to marry at all; and what on earth will the squire say? Shouldn't wonder if he cut me off with a shilling, and he's so fond of threatening; and yet I can't do anything else. I can't back out and say I've changed my mind, it wouldn't be honorable; and, besides, I might have a breach-of-promise case, and all my hanged spooney letters shown up in court; probably a row with Scott, and a regular expose of those cursed debts; after which I should never be able to show my face in Gorseleigh again, or for that matter, anywhere else where people knew of it. *What* a fool I've been! And I've no reason for breaking my word. Suppose I keep it. I wonder what my mother and little Twitters will say! I don't think they would be as down on me as the governor. Hang it all, I'll go and tell the mother now! If Adelaide is to be her daughter-in-law she'll have to know it sooner or later."

Acting on which really sensible idea the young man betook himself to the morning-room, where Mrs. Wyndham lay on her sofa, with Twitters (whom for the moment, he had forgotten) reading aloud to her.

"Not gone out, Rex!" exclaimed the little lady, lifting her blue eye wonderingly at his entrance. "What a miracle on such a fine day! You don't mean to say you have killed all the partridges, poor things! Or are you going to be good and sociable, and read aloud to us while we work?"

"That would be very nice," put in Mrs. Wyndham. "We don't often see you of a morning, Rex. Come and sit in this arm-chair, dear, and, Twitters, give him the book. Your voice is getting tired, child."

Rex looked at Twitters, and thought how pretty she was, and how well her shining yellow hair contrasted with the deep crimson of the chair and the crisp folds of her white muslin, even as the soft green light stealing through the closed venetians seemed to harmonize with the perfect innocence and purity of her fair young face; and then another style of beauty rose before him, much finer, more dazzling and showy, and he sighed as he said, in a tone very unlike his usual gaiety:

"I'll take the arm-chair, if you like, mother; but I won't read—not this morning."

"Selfish boy!" cried Twitters, laughing, but quite ready to go on herself, if Rex had not checked her.

"No, Twitters, nor you either. I'm not selfish; for I'll send you away to rest your voice, anyhow. I—I want to talk secrets to my mother."

At which plain speech Twitters flitted out of the room instantly, as swiftly as a little soft white dove; a sudden warm glow rising to the very roots of her sunny hair, and making her small fingers tingle with a strange wondering thrill.

"How pretty she is!" said Rex, as the door closed on her.

"And so sweet-tempered and good," replied his mother warmly. "Next to you, dear, I think I love her better than anyone else in the world, almost as much as if she were my daughter in reality. Rex, dear," as his face grew graver, and he did not speak, "have I guessed right? Is your secret about her?"

"About Twitters, mother! No; why so?" and a deep flush came into Rex's brown cheek, not from pleasure, but from a pang of real downright pain.

Ah, how much better if it had been!

There would have been nothing to feel ashamed of in loving little Twitters.

Mrs. Wyndham sighed deeply.

His answer was evidently a cause of pain to her too, but she only bade him go on; and so urged, Rex told his story; not exactly confessing that he had already repented of his folly, rather indeed heightening Adelaide's charms and good qualities than otherwise, but certainly speaking in anything but the tone of a proud or happy lover; while his mother listened with a pale anxious face, the reverse of cheering, and long before he had done the tears sprang to her eyes and trickled down her thin cheeks.

"O Rex, my dear boy, forgive me," she faltered, trying with habitual meekness to dry them away again. "But I never dreamt of this. I had so hoped——"

"Hoped what, mother?"

"And now I fear I have only done mischief; but, O, I felt certain you loved her; and I am sure, quite sure, that she will never care for anyone else. O dear, O dear, it is all my fault!"

"Loved who, mother? What is your fault? What do you mean?" and Rex sprang up and stood over his mother, looking red and angry, and feeling that new pain keener and more sharp, yet mingled with a strange sort of happiness too.

"Why Twitters, of course," sobbed Mrs. Wyndham, making matters worse as foolish women will. "You always seemed so fond of her, and glad to be with her; and I did so wish it to be. I don't believe that even your grandfather would object, for he is very fond of her (who could help being so?) and if he knew that she loved you——"

"Loved me? little Twitters!" repeated Rex slowly; and then, for a moment, one moment, the pain vanished in a bright glow of happiness, the happiness that might have been, the joy unutterable which had sprung up under his feet, and he had turned away from it—the Eden which had opened for him, and which he had voluntarily renounced, and could never enter now while life should last.

Twitters loved him! and he—?

He knew now what had made those rambles by lake and woods so unspeakably precious; why the simple ballads she loved to sing rang in his head for days afterwards; why the simple fact of her presence made him glad, and her departure left a gloom and darkness behind, as though the sunshine had faded from the earth.

He knew it all now, her love and his—*his* worthless in the giving, dishonored by the very date of its existence.

"Fool, fool that I was not to know my own heart better!" he muttered angrily.

But that was not all, nor even the worst of it; for if Twitters loved him—if it could be true—then he had not only ruined his own peace of mind, but hers.

He had not only injured himself but the little orphan girl, his mother's ward, whom every claim of duty, honor, and chivalry bound him to shield and protect from all trouble and evil.

He must go to her, now ascertain if it were so; and then—and then—?

Poor Rex! Dishonor every way. Dishonor, shame, and scandal if he followed where his heart led; dishonor, remorse, and regret if he kept his word.

Wrong to one woman or the other in either case.

What could he do?

"I am so sorry, Rex, so sorry," his mother kept saying.

"Forgive me, but indeed I never guessed anything of this;" and then Reginald stopped and kissed her.

"Forgive *you*, little mother!" he said, trying to speak gently. "What right have I to be angry with you? I only wish you could teach me to forgive myself, or that it were possible for you to be mistaken in what you say."

"You cannot break your word without any cause," the mother faltered, trying to catch at his meaning.

"A Wyndham could not do that; but, O Rex, do you love her, this Miss Scott? Will she make you happy, and will your grandfather like it? Do tell me."

Rex stood upright and clenched his hands bitterly.

"Too late to ask that last.

"I should have spoken to him before I pledged myself, I suppose.

"As to happiness, so far as I am concerned, that is of little moment. It is Twit—Amy Travers I am thinking of.

"Is there no chance that you may be mistaken about—about her feelings?

"Of course I know that she likes me as a brother.

"She is fond of me for your sake; but—Look here, mother, I'll go and speak to her."

"My dear Rex!"

"My dear mother, do you suppose I mean to ask her the question? A word, a look, will tell me the truth now; and if you should be wrong, set my mind at rest.

"I can bear anything myself so long as she is happy, dear little innocent thing!

"Why, in that case, I would marry Adelaide gladly to-morrow, but—"

"But what? O my dear boy, don't!"

"Hush, mother! If you should be right, and I, by my own imprudence and thoughtlessness, have made her care for me, then the least I can do is to let her know that—that she has not—that, in fact, I love her a thousand times more than she can do me, however black-guard and wrong such love may be in me.

"Don't look so frightened, mother; don't you see that it would be cowardly falsehood to leave her deceived on that point; that if you and I have misled her previously, we—I at any rate, owe it to her to make that poor amends to her womanly pride and delicacy.

"Trust me, I—I know my duty, hard as it is; but this I must find out before I go to do it."

"If you would only let me talk to her when you are gone," pleaded Mrs. Wyndham; but Rex would not even listen to the proposition.

He was of opinion, naturally enough perhaps, that his lady-mother had done too much "talking" to Twitters as it was.

He did not tell her so; filial respect acted as a curb on his tongue, even if he was not too kind-hearted to hurt by so much as a word the weak gentle woman to whom he owed his birth; and before any more could be said he had left the room, and was looking for Twitters on the terrace and in the drawing-room.

She was not in either place. She had gone for a walk "through the park, riverways," the gray headed old butler told him; and thither Rex followed, uncertain even of what he was going to say.

And poor little Twitters, who had been sitting by the river, dreaming of happy days to come, saw all her life grow suddenly cold and dark before her; and looking into her lover's pale face—so gay usually, so worn and haggard now—burst into tears, half of fright, half compassion; and so, being unnerved by sympathy, let him easily draw forth her little secret (secret, alas, no longer, for had not Mrs. Wyndham betrayed it?), and afterwards felt so sorry for him and his trouble that she hardly thought of her own, until he was gone, and she was left lying alone among the rushes, with the river babbling merrily at her feet, and the sun shining brightly on her yellow hair.

Alone! How terrible it seemed when she was able to think of it!

With all her full sunny life turned into a blank chaos, stretching before and around her, like some wide arid desert, and only relieved by one green spot—*Rex loved her.*

After all, while that lasted, she could not be so very, very unhappy; and he had promised to write to her from London; so she would have the unspeakable delight of receiving one more letter at least from him; in return for which she had taken on herself the task of telling Sir Wyndham Wyndham of his grandson's engagement, and of palliating the enormity of his darling to arrange such an important matter without having first asked and obtained a consent from the head of the family.

A ticklish piece of work this, and one from which Twitters shrank with well founded dread; but she knew no one could do it as well as herself; and then, when that was done, there was poor Mrs. Wyndham to nurse and console, and the memory of those past six weeks of unclouded happiness to look back upon, when home and village duties grew unbearably tedious.

She could not sit still and cry all day, poor child; and it was just as well that she could not; for idleness is the best nurse, as work is the best cure, ever yet found for grief; and of the two young lovers so badly parted, Twitters at the Hall, copying a dry business letter for Sir Wyndham Wyndham, with her heart full of Rex's last passionate appeal, and her lips still burning from the kisses he had pressed upon their dewy freshness, was infinitely less miserable than Rex, leaning back with closed eyes, in a first-class carriage, and for the moment, at any rate, given up to as absolute wretchedness as a man could well endure.

CHAPTER III.

"LET Rex marry the woman then—confound them both!—and I will allow him three hundred a year as long as he lives respectably and keeps up the honor of his family."

Such was Sir Wyndham Wyndham's final dictum, and the most gracious speech that could be wrung from him by Twitter's kisses or Mrs. Wyndham's tears.

It had been finally proved by that time the Scotts were resolved not to let Rex slip through their fingers without an *esclandre* equally painful and damaging; and careful investigation into the antecedents of the brother and sister had failed in discovering anything which could legally or rightfully be brought forward as a bar to the union.

They were descended from a family as old and, originally, as respectable as the Wyndhams; and if their father had been a dissipated good-for-nothing *rose*, and the mother a clever Irish governess, that was not Miss Scott's fault.

Neither could the lady help her brother being exceptionally fortunate at cards.

How many gentlemen of stainless honor are there not who pride themselves openly on their skill and success at the whist-table, and whose antagonists would resent as indignantly as themselves the mere suspicion of there being anything unfair in their triumphs? True there had been an ill-natured rumor to that effect with regard to Captain Scott, a rumor which had induced his brother-officers to petition him to exchange out of the regiment to which he belonged; but the truth of it had never been proved. He himself had furiously denied it, and challenged the person who first set it afloat (N.B. The duel never came off, Lieutenant F. declining to meet Captain Scott in the field); and though he did certainly succumb to the accusation so far as to leave the army altogether, that step was but the natural outcome of a wounded sensibility too tender to bear such a slight on the sensitive shield of his honor.

Again, with regard to their choice of residence, Baden Baden and Homburg are very healthy charming towns, and a great many exceedingly worthy and domestic people live in them.

Who was to say the Scotts were not among the number?

While as to the notoriously constant succession of Adelaide's admirers, the more beautiful a woman is the more difficult it is to keep men from running after her; and the very fact of their having retired one by one was but a proof to the liberal-minded of the virginal severity of the lady's heart. As for *their* account of the matter, or the evil whispers of less attractive women, neither ought to be taken into consideration for a moment; disappointed wooers being as proverbially prejudiced and one-sided as disappointed women are spiteful.

Let them prate as they would about fast doings, midnight rambles under the moon, late supper-parties, with cigarettes for the ladies, etc. what did it all amount to, even if there were some truth in it?

Now-a-days everybody is either a little fast in reality, or affects to be so—everybody, that is, who wants to be anybody at all; and if all that the *World* and the *Review* say be true, Adelaide Scott was no different from the generality of women in the nineteenth century, women of the upper classes preeminently.

No, there was no escape for Rex short of jilting his fair betrothed; and that was a step of which he never seriously thought for a moment.

"I have been a fool," was the sole comment he made, even to himself; and then he resigned himself to his fate, for not one of the investigations or inquiries into the character of the Scotts came from him.

I doubt whether he ever heard of them. They were the doings of the baronet and Mrs. Wyndham; and Rex would not so much as listen to a whisper on the subject, far less to condolence.

"Fact is he's been a great jackass," growled the old squire, "letting himself be hooked by a brute of a woman older than himself."

"Strong language, Miss Twitters!"

"And what if it be strong language?

"I suppose I may use what language I please in my own house.

"Idiotic fool, to go and fall in love with a middle-aged woman before he is out of pinafores!

"If I wiped him out of my will for it, and told him to go to the workhouse with her, as I've a jolly good mind to do this very day—Mary, I'll be shot if you're not worse than a wet blanket in November, sitting blubbering away there for nothing!

"Yes, Miss Impertinence, for nothing; and I should like to know what you put in your oar for when I am speaking to my daughter-in law.

"I suppose *you'll* be running off with that precious Captain Scott one of these fine days, and expecting me to give you a wedding breakfast and a dowry, since you stand up so hotly for Master Rex?

"But you'd better not look for any such thing.

"As you make your bed you'll have to lie on it, and deuce a bit of help you'll get from me, no fear!

"And as to Rex, he says this woman is handsome and sensible, comes of a decent family, and has some money of her own; so I've agreed to give him three hundred a year; and if she really cares for him, she'll marry him on it.

"If she don't she'll set him free, and a deuced good thing too.

"Feelings! Bah! Boys never have any, never know their own minds for a week together; though why *you* should get as red as a turkey-cock for that, child, I'm sure I don't know.

"If Miss Scott throws my precious grandson over to-morrow, he'll have forgotten her in a fortnight, and perhaps be head over ears in love with some one else, just like his father!

"Now, Mary, what's the good of making a fool of *yourself?*

"Do you suppose poor Hal never looked at a woman before he saw you, you goose?

"A fine thing if a father mayn't speak of his own son, indeed!

"But there never was a man so nagged at and worried and snivelled over as I am; and I'll be hanged if I don't make a stand against it one of these days! You see if I don't that's all, no fear!"

And, having finished with his favorite expletive, and sufficient bullied the two women, who had never done anything to offend him for the misdeeds of their absent idol, Sir Wyndham Wyndham pulled his chair nearer to the fire, told his daughter-in-law to do the same and look cheerful, and desired Twitters to sing to them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN EMPEROR'S CHALLENGE.—Kotzebue, a famous German writer, was informed that his master, the Emperor, intended to challenge all the sovereigns of Europe and their Ministers; and that he had been appointed to draw up the form, which was to be inserted in all the newspapers. It was to be ready in one hour. The task accomplished, it was submitted to the Czar, and presently Kotzebue was summoned to the royal presence. His reception was remarkably gracious. "You know the world too well," said the Emperor, "to be a stranger to the political events of the day, and, therefore, you must know in what manner I have figured in them. I have often acted like a fool, and it is just I should be punished, therefore I have imposed a chastisement upon myself. I wish" (showing him a paper) "that this should be inserted in the various public prints." He then read aloud the following extraordinary paragraph: "We hear from St. Petersburg that the Emperor of Russia, finding the powers of Europe cannot agree among themselves, and being desirous of putting an end to a war that has desolated it for 11 years past, intends to appoint a spot to which he will invite all the other sovereigns to repair and fight in single combat, bringing with them, as seconds and squires, their most enlightened Ministers and their most most able generals." Both the challenge and the comment were actually published.

That Poor Bedridden

Invalid wife, sister, mother, or daughter, can be made the picture of health by a few bottles of Hop Bitters. Will you let them suffer when so easily cured?

Some months ago "The Saturday Evening Post" commenced telling its readers about

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

About its being a labor-saving invention, destined to afford wonderful relief to overworked women and servant-girls; that it was as necessary to the comfort of the Rich as of the Poor; that the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes was a better way and an easier way than the old way, and that it would answer both for the finest laces and garments and for the coarser clothing of the laboring classes; that the directions were so simple and easy that a child could have no trouble in following them; and that it was a cheap soap to use; that a few minutes' time on the part of a housekeeper of ordinary intelligence was all that was necessary to show the girl or washerwoman how to use it, and every housekeeper should insist on its being used **exactly by the directions,** and should not listen to any excuse for not using it.

The Saturday Evening Post also endorsed all these statements, and told its readers that the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes **never failed** when the soap fell in the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

A Person of Refinement,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would be glad to adopt an easy, clean, neat way of washing clothes in place of the old, hard, sloppy, filthy way.

A Person of Intelligence,

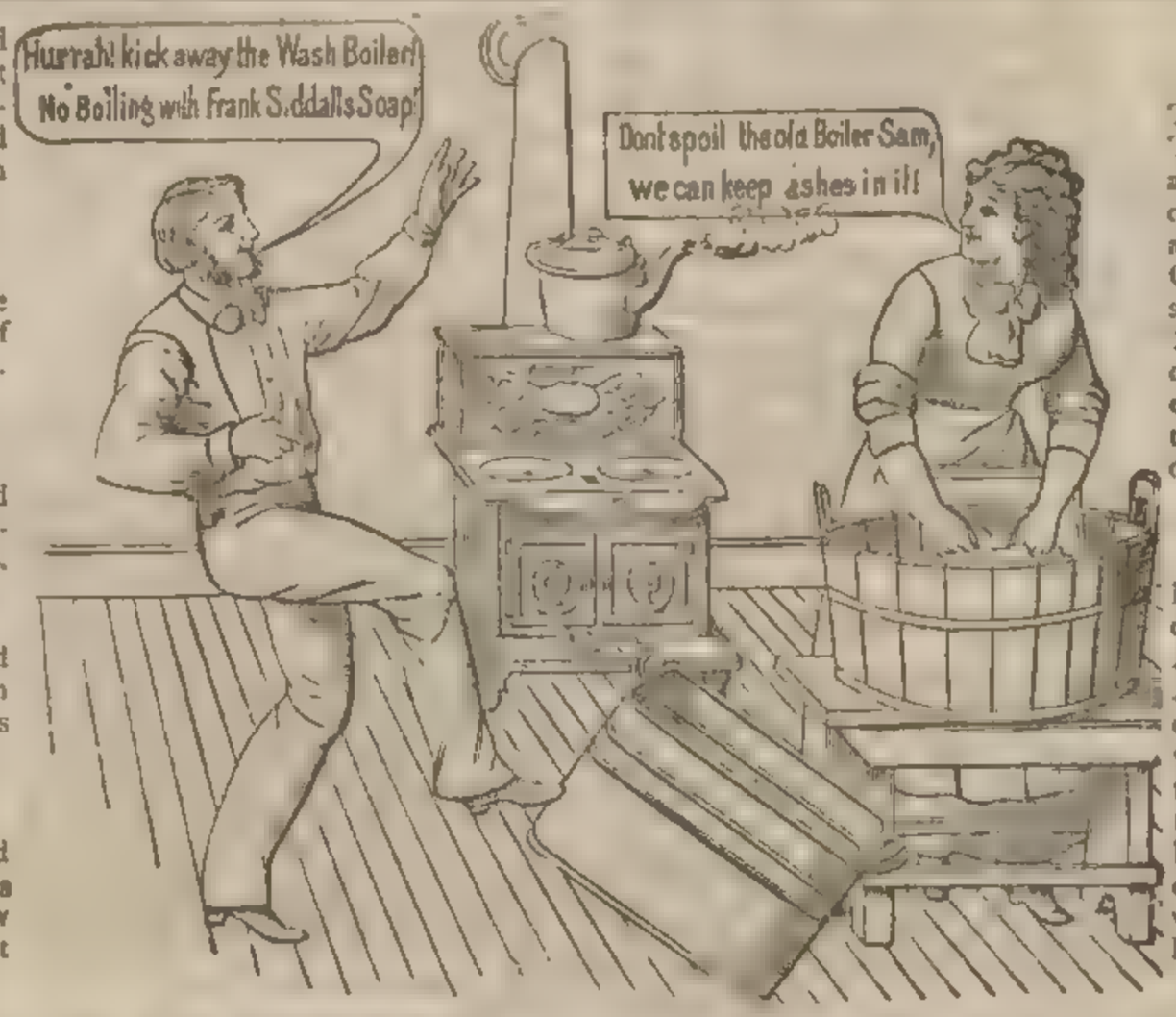
The Saturday Evening Post said, would have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

A Person of Honor,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

And Sensible Persons,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would not get mad when new and improved ways were brought to their notice, but would few thankful that better ways had been brought to their notice



Time Has Shown

That these efforts have been appreciated. Though the advertisements in this paper and the unqualified indorsement of every claim made for the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, the Frank Siddalls Soap has been sent to every State in the Union where *The Saturday Evening Post* circulates, and overworked or annoyed housekeepers from every section have written their letters of thanks for having had their attention drawn to this great improvement.

The Frank Siddalls Soap

Has already been introduced into a number of public institutions through *The Saturday Evening Post* and other religious papers. Among others, the Sisters of the Convent of the Visitation, of Maysville, Ky., have written a splendid testimonial. They say that the Soap has given wonderful satisfaction, both in the laundry and for the bath and toilet. They use it for taking out grease-spots from black goods, for washing burns and blisters, and for every household use.

AND NOW KICK AWAY THE OLD WASH-BOILER—remember that prejudice is a sign of ignorance—and give one honest trial to the FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

After getting the opinion of noted housekeepers it was decided to adopt what is probably the most liberal proposition ever made to the public. When a lady sees that it is to her own interest to try the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, and cannot find the Soap at the store where she resides, she can get a cake by mail ONLY on the following FOUR conditions

1st. Inclose the retail price (10 cents) in money or stamps

2d. Say in her letter in what paper she saw the advertisement.

3d. Promise that the soap shall be used on the whole of a regular family wash.

4th. Promise that the person sending will personally see that every little direction shall be strictly followed.

Persons who do not comply with all FOUR of these conditions must not expect any notice to be taken of their letters.

Now, in return, the lady will get a regular ten cent cake of Soap. To make it carry safely it will be put in a postal envelope that costs six cents, and fifteen cents in postage-stamps will be put on, it will be enough to do a large wash, and there will be no excuse for a single lady reader of *The Saturday Evening Post* for not doing away with all of her wash-day troubles.

Gentlemen are requested not to send for the Soap until their wives have promised to faithfully comply with every requirement.

The Frank Siddalls IMPROVED WAY of Washing Clothes.

Easy and Ladylike; Sensible Persons Follow these Rules Exactly, or Dont Buy the Soap.

The soap washes freely in hard water. Dont use soda or lye. Dont use borax. Dont use anything but FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

THE WASH-BOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Heat the wash-water in the tea-kettle; the wash-water should only be lukewarm, and consequently a tea-kettle will answer for even a large wash.

A wash boiler which stands unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some delicate ingredients that are in this soap. **Always use lukewarm water. Never use very hot water,** and wash the white flannels with the other white pieces. The less water that the clothes are put to soak in, the better will be the result with the Frank Siddalls Soap.

FIRST.—Cut the soap in half—it will go further. Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the washboard, and rub on the soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let the soap do its work.

NEXT.—After soaking the full time, commence by rubbing a piece lightly on the wash-board, and all the dirt will drop out; turn each garment inside out so as to get at the seams, but DONT use any more soap; DONT scald or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow; and DONT wash through TWO suds. If the wash-water gets entirely too dirty, dip some of it out and add a little clean water. Never rub hard, or the dirt will be rubbed in—but rub lightly and the dirt will drop out. All dirt can readily be got out in ONE suds; if a streak is hard to wash, soap it again and throw back in the suds for a few minutes, but DONT keep the soap on the wash-board, nor lying in the water, or it will waste. Do not expect this soap to wash out stains that have been SET by the old way of washing.

NEXT comes the rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out. Wash each piece lightly on the washboard (without using any more soap), and see that all the dirty suds are got out.

NEXT, the blue-water; which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use scarcely any bluing, for this soap takes the place of bluing. *Stir a piece of the soap in the blue-water until the water gets decidedly soapy.* Put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, wring them, and hang them out to dry *without any more rinsing, and with out scalding or boiling a single piece.* Washed this way the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will smell as sweet as new. Afterward wash the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces. It is not a good way, nor a clean way, to put clothes to soak over night. Such long soaking sets dirt, and makes the clothes harder to wash.

If at any time the wash-water gets too cool to be comfortable, add enough water out of the tea-kettle to warm it. Should there be too much lather, use less soap next time; if not lather enough, use more soap.

For Washing Horses, Dogs, and other Domestic Animals, The Frank Siddalls Soap is without an equal, it is excellent for washing the dirt out of scratches and sores on horses. Fleas, lice, and other vermin on animals, are attracted by dirt; wash the animal clean, and there is no dirt for the vermin to thrive on. It takes the smell of milking off the farmer's hands. Try the Frank Siddalls Soap for Shaving, it leaves the most tender skin smooth and soft; try it for Washing the Baby; try it for cleaning Sores, Wounds, and for Hospital Use generally, in place of the Imported Castile soap. It will not irritate the face and neck when sore from sunburn, nor the Baby when chafed with its clothing.

Persons who have had their Skin Poisoned by the Poison Oak or Poison Sumac, or those who are afflicted with Salt Rheum, Tetter, Erysipelas, Pimples or Blotches on the face, Old Stubborn Ulcers, Itching Piles, etc., often find that the use of Castile or toilet soaps seems to aggravate their trouble. The Frank Siddalls Soap, on the contrary, will agree with the most delicate skin, it can be used both in health and disease, and can always be depended on not to irritate the skin even of the youngest infant, and for that reason is recommended by many physicians and nurses for washing burns and scalds and all sore surfaces of the skin in preference to the best Castile soap.

For use in the Sick Room, for Washing Utensils, Bedding, etc., and for Washing an Invalid, it is highly recommended by physicians and others as remarkable for being both mild and at the same time thoroughly cleansing.

Remember it does not soil the Clothing or Bedding, and it is not necessary to rinse the suds thoroughly off as is the case with most other soaps.

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS, OFFICE OF

FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP,

718 Callowhill St., Philadelphia, Pa.

In New York the Frank Siddalls Soap is sold by such wholesale houses as Williams & Potter, Francis H. Leggett & Co., Burkhalter, Masten & Co., Woodruff, Spencer & Stout, and others, and by many retail grocers in New York and Brooklyn; is sold in Philadelphia by nearly every wholesale and retail grocer, and is rapidly growing to be the most Popular Soap in the United States.

Our Young Folks.

THE LAND OF IDLENESS.

BY KATE KINGSLEY.

LIZZIE was not at all an industrious little girl, on the contrary she was a very lazy one.

One day she was in the garden with some knitting, but she had hardly done one stitch when the knitting slipped down upon her lap, and she began to look idly around her.

All at once she saw a little tiny spider on a bush close by, very busy making a web.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed. "What are you about, little spider? How do you manage to make all those fine threads? Do tell me, is it very difficult?"

But the spider gave her no answer, for he knew well enough that working and talking won't do together, and he went on working very busily for some time.

At last he stopped to rest a little and said: "Now, I don't mind talking for a few minutes. Well, to be sure! How lazy you are!" For Lizzie was now lying at full length on the grass.

"Oh! I am very comfortable here," she said.

"There is nothing I like so much as being idle."

"Indeed!" said the spider. "Then you ought to go to the Land of Idleness, where the people never do anything."

"Never?" she asked, getting quite excited at what the spider had said.

"No, never," answered the spider.

"Oh, how I should like to be there! But how does one get to it?" she asked.

"I don't know; and besides, I have no more time to chatter, for I have rested quite long enough, and I am not a bit tired now."

And the little creature set briskly to work again, and gave no answers to the many questions Lizzie asked.

"Oh dear!" she sighed. "Who can tell me where I am to find the Land of Idleness?"

And, as she spoke, she gazed up into the sky, and saw a large flock of starlings flying past, and they all cried out, "We can! We can!"

"But why do you want to know?" said the eldest starling, as, with a great swoop downwards, he alighted on the grass close to Lizzie.

"Oh, because I want to go there!" she answered.

"But I'm afraid you won't like it," said the starling, "because you would never be allowed to do anything there."

"Why," exclaimed Lizzie, "that is just the reason why I should like it so much!"

She so insisted on going that finally the old bird said, in a loud voice, "Take this little girl to the Land of Idleness!"

And immediately the starlings all flew round Lizzie, and one took hold of her frock, another of her pinafore, another of her hair, and so on, until they all had hold of some part of her, then they lifted her up very gently, and flew with her through the air quicker, and quicker and very soon they were miles away.

At last they put her down close to a door on which was written in large capital letters

THE LAND OF IDLENESS.

"Oh! There it is at last!" cried Lizzie, turning up and clapping her hands for very joy. "But how am I to get in?" she was going to ask, when she found that all the pretty little starlings had flown away, leaving her quite alone. He was just lifting the latch, when to her astonishment, the door flew open of its own accord, and Lizzie found herself in the Land of Idleness.

"Dear me! How very untidy everything looks here!" she said.

And indeed it was all very different from her own home.

Lizzie looked around her in astonishment for never had she seen such a miserable-looking place. On a door near by she made out these words:—"Here lives the porter, and anyone who wishes to enter must first [illegible]."

So Lizzie immediately called out.

"Porter, porter, I want to live in this country."

But she got no answer, for the porter was too lazy to speak.

"Well! That's funny!" thought Lizzie, and she peeped into the house, and there she saw the porter lying on the ground with his eyes shut.

So she called out very loud, till he opened his eyes, and then she told him what she wanted.

"Oh, how tiresome!" the porter said.

"Tiresome?" said Lizzie. "Why?"

"Why, because I shall first have to ask you your name; and then I shall have to write it down; and then to take it to the king. Oh dear, dear! How tired I shall be!"

"But can't I go to the king, myself?" said Lizzie. "No, indeed! That wouldn't do at all," the lazy porter said, yawning, while he tried to get up. "Now then what's your name?" "Lizzie," she answered. "What a name! two syllables at least!" he said [illegible]. And as he spoke, he sank back heavily down again for a nap.

"Oh what a dreadfully lazy man you are!" cried Lizzie, and she felt inclined to [illegible] "Sir," she said [illegible] a piece of paper she saw on the floor, "I've written it down for you already."

And then the porter, after a great deal of sighing and moaning, at last stood up.

"Can't you put this little paper somewhere into a hole in my coat," he said, "so that I shan't have the trouble of carrying it?"

Lizzie did as he told her, and had no difficulty in finding a hole, for his coat was full of them!

"What very old clothes you've got on!" she said.

"Yes," he replied, "it's because the tailor is too lazy to mend them."

And then he went away, at least he lifted up one leg, but it was at least a minute before he put it down again.

And then he began to try to move the other.

"Do go on a little faster!" Lizzie cried.

But she had no sooner said the words than she was sorry for it, for, directly the porter heard them, he stood perfectly still for some minutes, saying how very tired he was.

Then he began to go on again, but very, very slowly, so that it was quite a quarter-of-an-hour before he moved the second leg.

How impatient Lizzie got!

"Where does the king live?" she asked.

"Oh, don't ask me any more questions!" he cried, imploringly. "I'm nearly ill with fatigue."

So Lizzie thought she had better leave him alone, and she went on by herself to see if she couldn't find out where the king lived.

As she went along the streets she saw the strangest sights.

Everyone seemed to be asleep; the smith on his anvil, the cartwright in the carriage he had to mend, the shopkeeper on his counter, the tailor on his table.

At last she came to a place where a house was going to be built, but the bricklayers were leaning very lazily against a ladder, and the carpenters and masons were yawning and looking up at the sky, and not a stone of the house had they yet laid!

Lizzie went up to them and said:

"Please can you tell me where the king lives?"

But, instead of answering her, they all began to yawn.

So she walked on again, feeling nearly out of patience with them all.

However, she soon met some policemen, and they seemed to be more wide awake than anyone she had yet seen, for they actually asked her who she was looking for, and, when she had told them, they said they would show her the way, and Lizzie very soon found herself in the king's presence.

There he was, half asleep on his throne, with the queen at his side, and all the little princes and princesses seated around doing nothing but yawning and stretching themselves.

Lizzie had often heard that kings liked their subjects to be very polite, so she made a very low curtsey.

"O dear me," the king exclaimed, "she is making a curtsey!"

And the queen fell into a swoon at the very sight.

"Why do you curtsey like that?" said the king. "Don't you know that nobody is allowed to do anything in my kingdom?"

"But don't you get anything to eat here?" Lizzie asked, for she was beginning to feel very hungry.

"Well, only if anything happens to fly into our mouths," said the king. "And even then we are too lazy to swallow; and we never eat any bread, for who is to bake it for us?

"But, now listen to me," the king continued. "I don't like this talk about work. You may choose between staying here and doing nothing, or going home, where you can work as much as you like; for I cannot keep you here if you want to do anything. Which do you choose?"

"Oh! I choose to stay here," said Lizzie.

"Very well," the king replied "then sit down, and don't let me hear you again."

Lizzie sat down once more, and looked at the blue sky till her eyes began to ache and she felt very weary.

She grew sleepy, and began to yawn, till all at once she remembered it must be nearly dinner time.

"I am so hungry!" she said, quite loud.

"Why, that child is always talking!" murmured the queen.

"When are we going to have dinner?" Lizzie asked. But she got no answer, so she repeated her question.

At last a very cross voice said,

"Oh you troublesome child, do be quiet! You do nothing but disturb our rest."

So Lizzie remained silent, but as she sat there, many thoughts passed through her mind, and she began to see very plainly how naughty she had been, and many things that her mother had said to her seemed to come so clearly into her mind, and she gradually began to feel very much ashamed of herself, and more and more disgusted with the Land of Idleness.

"Oh, how could I ever have wished to come here! If I could only get back to mother, I would show her how sorry I am!"

And then she tried to get up, but she found she was so dreadfully tired she could hardly move, so she was obliged to sit down again.

She began to feel more and more unhappy, and longed to get to her mother to ask her to forgive her, when all at once she found something in her hand, which she discovered to be her knitting, which must have caught in her dress when the starlings took her up.

"Oh, I am so glad!" she said to herself. And she began to work very industriously. "I'll try to see how much I can do, to please dear mother when I get back—if I ever do get back!" she thought, almost crying.

However, she worked away very hard for some time, and thought how much pleasanter it was than being idle, and then it suddenly struck her.

"What would all those lazy princesses think if they saw me now!"

And she just glanced round, but to her astonishment she saw neither the king, nor the queen, nor the little princesses! They had all disappeared; and she only saw the little spider, that was quietly waiting for a fly to come into its web.

"How astonished you look!" the little creature said to Lizzie.

"Well, so I am," she replied; "for I don't at all understand how I came to be here."

"How you come to be here?" the spider said, laughing. "What do you mean?"

"Why," said Lizzie, "a minute ago, I was in the Land of Idleness."

"So I saw," said the spider.

"Well then, how did I come here so suddenly?" she asked.

The spider didn't know what Lizzie meant, and said "I only know that when you came here you were in a very lazy state for you hardly did a stitch of your work, and very soon dropped it, and then you let yourself down and went fast asleep; and then after a while you set up and began knitting very industriously."

"But didn't the starlings take me up?" Lizzie asked.

"I don't know anything about starlings," replied the spider. "I only know that they are very busy making their nests and have no time to play with such lazy girls as you seemed to be half-an-hour ago."

Lizzie thought the spider very stupid, for he must have seen the starlings taking her up, but just then she saw her mother, who came up to her and took up her work and said "You have been a very good girl, Lizzie. How nicely you have finished your task! You have pleased me very much."

"Oh, mother," said Lizzie, "I didn't at all like being in the Land of Idleness!"

But her mother did not seem to know anything more about that Land than the spider did; so Lizzie at last began to believe, what was really the case, that she must have been dreaming it all.

"And yet, mother," she said, "I can see all those lazy people quite plainly."

When she had told her mother all about it, she begged her to forgive her for all her idleness and naughtiness, and told her how much she wanted to try to do better.

And, though she felt convinced now that the starlings had not flown off with her to the Land of Idleness, yet she put a large piece of bread-and-butter outside the window for them that very night; and it had vanished by the next morning; but whether it was the starlings or the sparrows that had eaten it, she could not quite make out.

From that time Lizzie was cured of her idleness.

If ever she felt inclined to be lazy, she had only to think of the Land of Idleness, to make her set to work again, harder than ever.

MUTUAL CONFIDENCE.—It is quite amusing to witness the different ways in which those words are understood by different people. Some seem to think that it means to find out all you can about other people and keep yourself to yourself. Thus it happens that there is no mutual confidence between parents and children, brothers and sisters, or between friends. How many married women, too, rush to the ridiculous extreme of relating every little incident of their daily lives and that of their friends, and when they have told it all there is no time to hear from the other side of the house, and the confidence is anything but mutual.

It was my good fortune in my youth to know many married ladies. To some I dared not say the least word that I did not wish repeated to the man of the house, while to others I could occasionally make a remark that I did not indirectly hear of within the next hour. Nor was I more comfortable among strangers than among those connected with me by ties of blood.

Of two beautiful ladies, sisters, one would say to me: "No, perhaps your uncle will never hear of this. I don't believe in running to a man with everything I hear, whether it concerns him or not." The other thought mutual confidence was the glory of wedded life, and told the head of the house everything she heard of and some of which she did not hear. The first always seemed happy, contented and agreeable, her husband satisfied with the world in general and his own wife in particular. The second was always in trouble; for, while she told everything, she heard but little, and it would be difficult to find a more unhappy or discontented couple than herself and husband.

Mutual confidence is beautiful in imagination and probably does exist in real life, but it is not related in any way to tattling, and consists more in having no secret from our loved ones that we are ashamed or afraid to tell, than it does in entering into minute details about ridiculous nothings.

SYLVIA A. MOSS.

WHAT is called impudence is generally either ignorance or forgetfulness.

HON. THOMAS RICHESON, President of the St. Louis Collier White Lead and Oil Works, and also President of the School Board of St. Louis, makes the subjoined statement:

"I suffered for a long time with an affection of the liver, which at times caused depressed spirit and indigestion. I procured a Holman Pad, and wore it for a few weeks, when to my astonishment I experienced the greatest relief. I became buoyant in feeling, and the trouble so long complained of left me almost entirely. I think the Holman Pad an excellent remedy for difficulties such as I was afflicted with."

HOLMAN'S PADS for sale by all druggists, or sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $2. Address HOLMAN PAD CO., 744 Broadway, N. Y.

I DON'T KNOW.

A GREAT number of persons have been, and still are writing about "what I know of this, that and the other," and some of them didn't seem to know as much of their subject when concluded as they thought they did when they began.

But I have heard of none brave enough to confess their ignorance, and to let the public know what they don't know about that, this and the other.

Maybe it was left for me to set the example.

But my ignorance is so vast I don't know but I'll have hard work to crowd the confession all into an essay.

I don't know why people are so selfish, so much inclined to keep the good things of life at home all to themselves, to receive blessings from on high, help and presents from their fellow-mortals, and never want to share these gifts with others—to receive but never to give; to look for and expect favors, and never think to bestow them; to pray for pardon and yet be unwilling to grant it; to see others weary when they might give them rest; to see others walk when they might ask them to ride; and to make others miserable when they might make them so happy.

I don't know why people are so prone to disappoint others; to say they are coming to see you upon a certain day and date, and then not keep their word.

It does not seem polite or right. I don't know why promises of this kind should not be kept.

Sometimes the nonfulfillment of an engagement causes much pain, and it very often seriously interferes with another's plans.

Do when you say you will, and be manly and womanly enough to keep your word.

I don't know why so many love to read long accounts of the commission of crimes, and hardly ever glance at the records of the brave, and true, and good.

I don't know why the newspapers fill column after column with accounts of vice, and give but a paragraph or two to those of virtue.

Perhaps—and it is a shame, if it is so—there is more of vice than virtue in the world.

Yet I don't know about that either.

Let us hope there is more of virtue and less of vice.

I don't know why we should deem our lives to be failures because some errors creep into them; they do manage to find an entrance into all homes; but sometimes more lessons result from [illegible], for they make us more careful and painstaking.

I don't know why we should murmur and grumble over our failures when the best and wisest of our fellow-beings have not been exempt from them.

I don't know why we should "fuss," over what we cannot help or mend by worrying.

A man may carelessly drop some fifty dollars into the fire, but I don't know that he will get the identical amount back again by looking on the coals or gazing up the chimney and moaning over his loss.

I don't know but that I'd complain over such a mishap, but I don't know that it would do any good.

I don't know why we should lay the blame of accidents and casualties upon Providence, when they are brought about by human carelessness and heedlessness, or by our own stubbornness.

I don't know why our tasks always seem so burdensome, and our pleasures so light; why we are more inclined to travel in the wrong path than the right; to make for ourselves beds of thorns in place of roses, and leave solid substance to search after misty unrealities.

I do not know why we do not look forward more, and backward less; why we do not more enjoy the present, for it certainly must have many charms for us.

Poets are too much inclined to rejoice for "days long vanished"—why don't they sing more of the brighter days that are coming, or of those that have come?

I don't know why they heap so many solemn verses on a "long-suffering public" just because "Autumn nips the blossoms," when some of the loveliest days come to us in the autumnal season.

And there is quite a "lot" more I don't know, but enough is this for a single repast.

M. K. D.

A SAVANT and his wife appear in a suit for separation, and, naturally enough, his mother-in-law is one of the most [illegible] of the witnesses against him. "Yes, Your Honor, the villian did not hesitate to introduce into the house books containing the most revoltingly unnatural matters." "Hand me up the books! Hum—these books are in Chinese, madam!" "Precisely—and that is what aggravates the original offence. Why should they be in Chinese if the contents were fit to be read? And he knew, too, that my poor suffering child and myself didn't know a letter or a line of Chinese!"

FITZNOODLE was out again worrying the life out of the ducks with his shot-gun. He blazed away at some ducks, and an unseen [illegible] on the other side of the pond rose up [illegible] with a long gun, and cried out. "Did you shoot at me?" "Did any of the shot hit you?" inquired Fitznoodle. "Yes, they did," said the man, rubbing the [illegible]. "I am glad they hit you, for I didn't shoot at you." "I never hit anything I shoot at."

KEEP the heels clean the countless pores of the skin are so many little drain-tiles for the removal of impurities.

Grains of Gold.

The sting of a reproach is the truth of it.

Every man esteems his own misfortune the greatest.

Reprove thy friend privately, commend him publicly.

What ought not to be done, do not even think of doing.

Do not appear to notice inaccuracies of speech in others.

He lives most who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

Take care of your acts, your reputation will take care of itself.

Great works are performed, not by strength, but by perseverance.

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones.

A noble part of every true life is to learn how to undo what has been wrongly done.

The moment a man begins to rise among his fellows, he becomes a mark for their missiles.

The highest luxury of which the human mind is sensible is to call smiles upon the face of misery.

Do not talk very loud. A firm, clear distinct, yet mild, gentle and musical voice has great power.

The loud tones in which some people appeal to reason, imply that reason is a great distance from them.

Do not be absent-minded, requiring the speaker to repeat what has been said that you may understand.

A sad truth: half of our forebodings about our neighbors are but our own wishes, which we are ashamed to utter in any other form.

Bad temper is its own scourge. Few things are bitterer than to feel bitter. A man's venom poisons himself more than his victim.

Before you neglect any duty on the theory that it is unimportant, see what the ultimate bearing of the seemingly trifling thing may be.

There is more true greatness in generously owning to a fault, and making reparation for it, than in obstinately defending a wrong conduct.

The simplicity which takes every sham for a reality is at least preferable to that excessive knowingness which sees in every reality only a sham.

Let us not forget that every station in life is necessary; that each deserves our respect; that not station itself, but the worthy fulfillment of its duties does honor to man.

There is no end of one-sided reasoning on any subject, and we are sure that such contention is not the best mode of arriving at the truth; but not the way to arrive at good temper.

Never seem wiser or more learned than the people you are with. Wear your learning, like your watch, in a private pocket, and do not pull it out merely to show that you have one.

I am persuaded that many persons say more about their sins being too great to be pardoned than they either believe or feel, from a supposition that it is a token of humility to talk thus.

The men who do things maturely, slowly, deliberately, are the men who oftenest succeed in life. People who are habitually in a hurry have to do things twice over. The tortoise beats the hare at last.

There is no better test of purity and true goodness than reluctance to think evil of one's neighbor, and absolute incapacity to believe an evil report about good men, except upon the most trustworthy evidence.

Life, in its very essence, is movement and transition. Not what we have, but what we gain or lose; not what we are, but what we are becoming; not where we stand, but whence we come and whither we go, constitute its real interest and worth.

If you cannot speak well of your neighbors, do not speak of them at all. A cross neighbor may be made kind by kind treatment. The true way to be happy is to make others happy. To be good is a luxury. If you are not wiser and better at the end of the day, that day is lost.

The real object of education is to give children resources that will endure as long as life endures; habits that time will ameliorate, not destroy; occupations that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and death less terrible.

Have courage enough to review your own conduct, to condemn it where you detect faults; to amend it to the best of your ability; to make good resolves for your future guidance, and to keep them. Speak kindly to all—to menials and dependents. Never slight nor neglect the humblest individual. Remember that he is of as much importance to himself as you are to yourself, or as is the greatest man in the world. You have no right to hurt the feelings of any person.

Arresting the Progress of Consumption.

The action of Compound Oxygen in arresting the progress of pulmonary consumption has been so marked and constant in our administration of this new Treatment, that we are warranted in saying that if taken in the early stage, eight out of every ten persons affected with this disease might be cured. In this disease, as every one is aware, the only hope of the patient lies in the establishment of a higher vital condition. Now Compound Oxygen is an agent that gives directly this new and higher vitality. But we cannot too earnestly urge the necessity of using this Treatment in the very commencement of pulmonary trouble, and before the disease has made any serious inroads upon the system, and reduced its power to contend with so dangerous an enemy. Too many of the cases which come to us are of long standing, and the chances for a radical and permanent cure just so far remote. That Compound Oxygen benefits, or cures, so large a proportion of those, is often as much a surprise to ourselves as to our patients. Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen with large reports and full information, sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 109 and 111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Femininities.

The barber is responsible for many a short crop.

Beauty has a commercial value almost unlimited.

Some Southern ladies are said to eat sugar on cucumbers.

It is swell to decorate your rooms with Japanese ornaments.

The Woman's Journal insists that there should be woman physicians in all hospitals.

Mrs. Livermore says the women of England "bow down to men as if they were demi-gods."

In the good old times it was a penal offence for a man to kiss his wife in New England on Sundays.

A city girl thanked a man who gave her his seat in a street-car, and he married her. He was worth $400,000.

Never praise extravagantly every dish before you; neither should you appear indifferent. Any article may have praise.

A young married lady of Albany died recently of erysipelas, caused by picking a cold-sore on her upper lip with a brass pin.

English women rarely wear veils, while French ladies object to them because they cover up the real or imaginary beauties of their bonnets.

A sweetly simple model of a winter bonnet, sent over in the last steamer from Paris, has a beetle as large as a soup plate astride of the peaked crown.

There are 470 graduates from the women's medical colleges, and 220 of them are in practice, mostly in New York, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts.

The ex-Empress Eugenie has been travelling in Germany incognito, but retains enough of her former magnificence to keep a retinue of ten persons wherever she goes.

All intimate friendships among women have the same basis, and always exist between those who resemble each other in figure—they can borrow each other's dresses.

It is not good practice for a young girl to marry a man before she becomes well acquainted with him. There may be a great deal about the fellow it is best to know beforehand.

The "porte bonheur" has been superseded by a charming bracelet called the week's happiness. It is composed of seven gold threads bound together with small enameled trefoils.

If women will persist in wearing their watches where thieves can easily get them, as is the fashion now-a-days, they must not grumble when they get stolen.

Fashionable ladies are once more warned against having a layer of powder on their faces in these days. Electric lights at the entrance of the theatres show the deception plainly.

A Canadian who had shamefully maltreated his wife was driven into a pond by a number of indignant neighbors, and kept in the water until he appeared to be in a repentant mood.

"Mary says you can't come to see her any more," said a boy to his sister's admirer. "Why not?" "Because you come to see her every evening now, and how could you come any more?"

After supper after a ball: He—"Without joking, Elsie, I adore you. When I look at you there is such a commotion in my breast!" She—"And in mine, too, Alonzo; I think it must be the lobster salad."

Where ignorance is bliss: Miss Featherfuss, sitting in the front pew in her gorgeous new hat, was totally oblivious of the innocent little tag that told to the congregation that that stunning spray of flowers cost her just 65c.

Heard in the theatre: "Who is that homely, coarse, vulgar, ignorant-looking woman in that box?" "Oh, that is Mrs. Sosc, one of the most beautiful, elegant, refined and cultured ladies in the city. She's worth a million."

A lady in an Eighth street store, while gossiping with another on Friday, said: "Well, she may say that I've not been away for the summer, but I saved enough money for the handsomest sealskin cloak on the block; then who'll crow?"

The Duchess of Edinburgh lately said to somebody who wanted to sell her an expensive shawl: "I am not rich enough; show it to the wife of one of my cooks." And she was right, for one of those cooks has just purchased a hotel in Paris for the sum of $60,000.

Princes Victor and George, the sons of the Prince of Wales, continue to be loyally entertained in the colonies, and their self-possession on formal occasions is loudly praised. Some tender-hearted ladies on seeing them are reported to have wept profusely.

When you see two women meandering up the street, talking confidently to each other, you can make up your mind that there's something mighty important about to be developed. Just as like as not they are going to buy a yard and a half of ribbon to match a new suit.

A mercenary little boy overheard a conversation between his parents concerning a wedding that was soon to come off, and recalled the subject at the breakfast-table, the next morning, by asking the following question: "Pa, what do they want to give the bride away for—can't they sell her?"

Paris has a club of ladies who collect contributions for what they call the respectable poor—a class who are in actual want, yet are too proud to beg or publish their needs. Cases are brought before the committee of the association by the clergy and others, and the money subscribed is really well employed in each instance.

The latest freak is for young women with shapely, handsome hands to have them photographed singly. A certain Boston lady, celebrated for her beautiful feet, once had them photographed, to the great pleasure of a few favored friends. And hands, which are far more characteristic, would make a far more piquant and artistic picture.

News Notes.

The electric arc will melt steel.

Four comets are in the heavens.

Fashionable pointed shoes are making work for chiropodists.

New pocket handerchiefs have the day of the week embroidered upon them.

Thirteen traveling dramatic companies have already disbanded this season.

A poultice of fresh tea leaves moistened with water will cure a stye on the eyelid.

The word "hell" has been expunged from the revised edition of the New Testament.

An agitation for a law punishing stage-robbers with death, is going on in Missouri.

Cat-skins are recommended by some as chest-protectors and to prevent rheumatism.

King Humbert, of Italy, has paid off his father's debts, and contracts none of his own.

No foreigners are allowed to work for the telegraph administration in England or France.

The Royal Library of Berlin contains 800,000 volumes, the accumulation of over two hundred years.

It has been estimated that there are one hundred thousand commercial drummers in the United States.

The average wages of workingmen in France are only about 60 cents a day, and those of women 30.

For earache, dissolve assafœdita in water; warm a few drops and drop in the ear; then cork the ear with wool.

The leaves from the trees in the Paris boulevards and gardens are dried and used for stuffing mattresses.

Tom Sayers, Jr., son of Tom Sayers, the pugilist, has achieved considerable fame in England as a fine baritone.

John of Abyssinia, and Alexander of Russia are the two potentates whose food is all tasted ere they partake of it.

A Brooklyn boarding-house keeper has recovered $40 from a person who spoke of her place as a "hash house."

Two Iowa children who have pink eyes can hardly see in the daylight, but can pick up a pin in the darkest night.

It is said that in a recent canvas of eighty towns in Connecticut, 30,000 people were found who never attended church.

It is said that the number of people speaking the English language has more than quadrupled during the last century.

Illinois has a new law to regulate the practice of medicine, and put down quackery. Its constitutionality is to be tested.

Newspapers are suppressed by the Captain-General of Cuba for "calumny, defamation, boasting, and exaggerated patriotism."

A Judge at Erie has just decided that Spiritualism is a religion, and its exponents are entitled to all the privileges enjoyed by ministers.

There are 6,276,640 square inches to the acre, and an inch of rain on the acre would be equal to 27,152.5 gallons, weighing 113 tons.

Ireland has 3,000,000 acres of drainable land, and a company has been formed in London to reclaim the land under the Irish land bill.

The young men of Germany under 18 years of age are emigrating in very large numbers, thus escaping the long and burdensome military service.

Two streets in Paris are named after Washington and Lincoln, and the chivalrous Parisians will probably pay a similar compliment to Garfield.

A Missouri farmer claims that every quail on a man's farm is worth, at the least calculation, a dollar for the good they do in destroying chinch bugs.

American ideas are gradually gaining ground in Europe. The cashier of the Union Financier Bank of Paris has decamped with something like $500,000.

An ingenious clock set up at Brussels needs no winding, and attains the maximum of regularity by a simple mechanism. It is kept in motion by a current of air.

An eastern health journal asserts that a loaf of eatable bread has been made out of a pine board, which was first boiled and reduced to fiber, dried and ground.

A young minister, who has figured in Illinois as a boy preacher, has been arraigned by the Methodist Conference on charges of falsehood, drunkenness and profanity.

Some enthusiastic Frenchmen recently wished to unharness Gambetta's horses, and substitute themselves; but he declined, saying men were not meant for such work.

A little son of a painter in New York died from the effects of blood poisoning, the poison having been introduced into his system by the odor of paints which are kept in his room.

An Enthusiastic Endorsement.

GORHAM, N. H., July 14, 1879.

GENTS—Whoever you are, I don't know; but I thank the Lord and feel grateful to you to know that in this world of adulterated medicines there is one compound that proves and does all it advertises to do, and more. Four years ago I had a slight shock of palsy, which unnerved me to such an extent that the least excitement would make me shake like the ague. Last May I was induced to try Hop Bitters. I used one bottle, but did not see any change; another did so change my nerves that they are now as steady as they ever were. It used to take both hands to write, but now my good right hand writes this. Now, if you continue to manufacture as honest and good an article as you do, you will accumulate an honest fortune and confer the greatest blessing on your fellow-men that was ever conferred on mankind.

—TIM BURCH.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair use **RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.**

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic, or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. The skin, after a few days use of the Sarsaparillian becomes clear, and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREPARE THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY, ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds or Bruises, Chilblains, Frost Bites, or with Strains, Cramps or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named:

"False and True."
"Radway on Irritable Urethra."
"Radway on Scrofula."

and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to **RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.**

☞Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of DR. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

THE MILD POWER
CURES
HUMPHREYS HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS

In use twenty years. The most safe, simple, economical and efficient medicine known. Dr. Humphreys' Book on Disease and its Cure (144 pp.) also Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Humphreys Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York.

5,000 AGENTS WANTED TO SELL THE
LIFE OF GARFIELD!

His early life and career as soldier and statesman; his election and administration; his assassination; his heroic struggle for life; wonderful medical treatment; blood-poisoning; removal to Elberon; death, etc. *Profusely illustrated.* Splendid portrait of Garfield, his wife and mother; scene of the shooting; the sick-chamber; Guiteau in his cell; the surgeons, and the Cabinet. *The only complete and authentic work. There is a fortune for agents first in the field with this book.* Outfit 50c. Speak quick. Address HUBBARD BROS., 723 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

ABOUT MONOGRAMS.

THE word monogram is compounded from two Greek words and originally meant a single letter or symbol typifying a belief, a device, or an idea, but in the more modern acceptation of the term it consists of one or more letters so arranged as to form a fanciful emblem.

Monograms are of very ancient date, and the most reliable information traces their origin to the Egyptian hieroglyphics.

The Israelites had on their banners the letter *tau* which sometimes appeared in triple form, and it was regarded by them as a sign of security.

This letter was also denominated as the letter of life, and it was claimed that it was in the form of the Egyptian Nilometer by which the height of the river Nile was measured. But whether derived from this fact, or the Egyptian trinity, this simple mark has come down from age to age.

In modern times, the same sign or monogram appears in the form known in heraldry as a St. Anthony's Cross: and as all heraldic devices have their own significance, so this form does implies that he who bears it is a stay or supporter of his prince and an upholder of the Christian faith.

All written language, no doubt, originated in pictorical or hieroglyphic form. The frequent use of certain signs would naturally lead to their abbreviations, and hence a mark often expressed as much as an elaborately drawn picture.

Among the first coined money said to be of Greek or Lydian invention, seven or eight hundred years before the Christian Era, there are numerous examples of monograms which, probably, were abbreviations of other names, or of the names of places where the coins were made.

Constantine, the great founder of Constantinople, had the monogram of Christ placed on the Imperial Standard, which was the Greek letter chi with the letter *r* of the same language glazed perpendicularly through it and forming the first two letters of the Saviour's name in Greek, christos. According to Eusebius, and the earlier orthodox Christian writers, this monogram was adopted in consequence of a vision of the Cross which Constantine saw in the heavens with the "In this sign conquer" around it.

It is claimed by some writers that this symbol or monogram is of much more ancient origin, and there is no doubt similar signs were stamped on Greek coins, and used on Roman standards, long before the time of Constantine, but the origin of them is lost to us.

We also find the same symbol carved on the tombs in the Catacombs of Rome at a period ante-dating that in which Constantine lived.

But it is a singular fact, though it appears on its banners, it was never struck on his coins; but it was freely used by his son Constantinus and his successors of the lower Empire.

Christ's monogram also appears on the coins of the Anglo-Saxon prince Ethelwolf, the father of Alfred the Great; and there is a coin of the latter extant with a monogram of the city of London occupying the entire reverse. The Emperor Charlemagne also used the same sign on his coins; and this monarch is said to have been the first to sign documents with a monogram.

This practice of signature by means of a mark or monogram was continued by the kings of France until the time of Philip III. and by the Spanish kings until a much later period; the Anglo-Saxon kings adopted it, and William the Conqueror, when Duke of Normandy, practiced it.

The system of making a mark on any document by persons who cannot write their names, is a continuation of the ancient method of signing; and it is singular that the same sign of the cross is used that was employed by the Saxons of old.

"Letters," says the "Dictionary of Heraldry," "either single or formed into words, are sometimes found as a part of the bearing in coat armor, and seem to denote either a memorial of some person or a man of literature, or something of religion. They may be used also as a mark of distinction between several families bearing the same arms in all other respects. The term monogram should be confined to a device in which several letters are combined together; generally a whole word is formed in one character. For the cipher the letters are interlaced, usually consisting of two or more letters comprising the initials of several words or names."

A BICYCLE-DEALER has utilized the happy thought of presenting a pair of crutches and a box of court-plaster to each purchaser of a bicycle. He is monopolizing the trade.

LONGINGS.

If I were a railroad brakeman
I'd holler the stations so plain
That the man who was going to Texas
Would go clear through to Maine.
I'd open the door of the smoking-car,
And I'd give such a mighty roar
That the passengers back in the sleeper
Would all fall out on the floor;
For I couldn't afford a tenor voice,
And I couldn't afford to speak
In the sweet, soft tones of Æolian harps
For eleven dollars a week.

If I were a baggage-master
I'd rattle the trunks about;
I'd stand them up in a corner,
And I'd tear their bowels out;
I would pull the handles out by the roots,
I would kick their corners in,
And strew their stuffing all round the car,
And make them look and thin;
For I couldn't afford to wear kid gloves,
Nor put soft pads on my feet,
Nor to handle things gently, when all my pay
Just kept me in bread and meat.

If I were a railroad conductor,
As through the train I'd go,
I'd have for every question they asked
This answer all ready: "Don't know."
I'd miss connections for lots of men,
I'd run lone passengers past;
I'd tell them 'twas eight, when I knew 'twas ten,
And I'd swear their watches were fast,
For I couldn't afford to be civil,
When I knew every man in the load
Would look at my watch and ring, and say,
"He stole them things from the road."

—BRADSTIR.

Humorous.

Bad omen—To owe men.

Fool moon—The honeymoon.

The dog for a surgeon—A setter.

A green grocer—One that credits everybody.

A moving spectacle—A van load of furniture.

A reporter for a city paper, in giving an account of the burning of an ice-house, says that "the power of the raging flames was irresistible, and soon reduced twenty-five thousand pounds of ice to ashes."

Teacher—"Feminine of friar?" First bright boy—"Hasn't any." Teacher—"Next." Second bright boy—"Nun." Teacher—"That's right. Second bright boy indignantly ejaculated—"That's just what I said!"

There is nothing so strong as habit. It is told of a physician who always demanded payment on the spot, that he was so particular that when he prescribed for himself he used to take a dollar out of one pocket and put it into another.

"Wind in Nebraska!" said the dusty traveler, as he ran the prongs of his fork into the free lunch; "well I should say the wind did blow in Nebraska. I have sat by the roadside many a day watching it blow nails out of the fences!"

A western editor, wishing to speak of the prevalence of drunkenness, wrote an editorial, with the head, "An Outburst of Idiocy." A rival editor tells him the head was unnecessary. Anybody who read the editorial would see what it was.

Six-year-old Mabel is industriously engaged in "cleaning out" a preserve jar which her mother had just emptied. Four-years-old Bobbie looks on at her, and then breaks out, "Say, sis, don't you wish you could turn it inside out, so's you could lick it?"

Two prisoners were lately acquitted of theft. The magistrate told them not to come there again or they might not be so fortunate. One of the prisoners said, "No, your honor; we should not have come come this time, I can assure you, had we not been brought."

"The lurid flames shot their red tongues of fire high up toward the glowing heavens, as if they were in their vengeful fury endeavoring to sear the bright faces of the twinkling stars!" It was only a fifty-dollar stable, containing $25 worth of hay, but the reporter felt that way, and really he couldn't help it.

"I think it all a humbug for a man to attempt to disparage his own importance. A man should think a good deal of himself. If he doesn't, nobody else will. I think a good deal of *myself*, and I think I ought to; it's a duty." Thus said Smith. "Very true," said Foxy, "but it doesn't reflect much credit on your taste."

An extract from the letter of a recent emigrant: "I'm workin' on the roads here at Saratoga, but I don't intind to do it long. Sure Mike Mulhooly, who left home three years ago come next Aister, has a rich young lady to drive him around the city with a beautiful span, an' he sittin' up behoind an' his arms folded like a fine gintleman intoirely."

Modern cookery explained: A father says to his son, whom he has gone to fetch home from school. "Well, what did you do to-day?" "We had Homer explained. Tell me, papa, is it true then that the ancients used to roast whole an ox?" "Certainly, and they ate it, too." "Then why don't they serve beefsteaks like that now?" "Why, child, our potatoes are not large enough."

Not long since a new railway was opened in the Highlands. A Highlander named Donald heard of it, and bought a ticket for the first excursion. The train was about half the distance to the next station when a collision took place, and poor Donald was thrown unceremoniously into a park. After recovering his senses he made the best of his way home, when the neighbors asked him how he liked his drive. "Oh, I loiked it fine, but they had an awful quick way o' puttin' me out."

A clergyman, in one of his sermons, exclaimed to his hearers, "Eternity! Why, don't you know the meaning of that word? Nor I either, hardly. It is for ever and ever, and five or six everlastings a-top of that. You might place a row of figures from here to sunset, and cipher them all up, and it wouldn't begin to tell how many ages long eternity is. Why, my dear friends, after millions and trillions of years had rolled away in eternity it would be a hundred thousand years to breakfast time."

Its Action is Sure and Safe.

The celebrated remedy, Kidney-Wort, can now be obtained in the usual dry vegetable form, or in liquid form. It is put in the latter way for the especial convenience of those who cannot readily prepare it. It will be found very concentrated, and will act with equal efficiency in either case. Be sure and read the display advertisement for particulars.—South and West.

F. M. LUPTON, 27 Park Place, New York, makes a great offer in our advertising columns this week. This gentleman is an old established publisher, and we can recommend him as perfectly reliable and trustworthy. All who answer his advertisement may be assured of getting good value for the money.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot, 450 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse-cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver, 821 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THE POST.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

Diminished Vigor

is reinstated, in a great measure, to those troubled with weak kidneys, by a judicious use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which invigorates and stimulates without exciting the urinary organs. In conjunction with its influence upon them, it corrects acidity, improves appetite, and is in every way conducive to health and nerve repose. Another marked quality is its control over fever and ague, and its power of preventing it.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

THE "RIGHT SPEEDY" Corn Sheller.

Cheap, Durable and Effective; shells 12 to 14 bushels per hour. **It is the best Hand Sheller Made, and I warrant it for 5 years.** Price, $3.00, or handsomely nickel-plated, $3.00. **AGENTS WANTED.** If no agent in your vicinity, I will send Sheller express paid on receipt of price. Send for circular. **CURTIS GODDARD, Alliance, Ohio.**

Free! Cards! Free!

We will send free by mail a sample set of our German, French, English and American Fancy Cards, with a price list of over a hundred different designs, on receipt of a stamp for postage. They are not advertising cards, but large, fine picture chromo cards, on gold, silver, and tinted grounds forming the finest collection in the world. We will also enclose a confidential price list of our large and small chromos. Address, F. GLEASON & CO., 48 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

HUSBAND'S CALCINED MAGNESIA.

Four First Premium Medals Awarded.

More agreeable to the taste, and smaller dose than than other Magnesia.

For sale in Government-Stamped Bottles, at Druggists' and Country Stores, and by

T. J. HUSBAND, JR., PHILADELPHIA.

Be Rich Like other people. It's easy done if you only know how. All you need is to be started right. I will reveal the Secret to you FREE, if sent for to-day. Don't neglect this if you want Money. Address, M. YOUNG, 173 Greenwich Street, New York.

50 CARDS. All new, Imported designs of Hand and Bouquet, Gold, Silver and others, name in fancy script type, 10c. Clinton & Co, North Haven, Ct.

NEURALGIA,

Nervous Irritability, Sciatica and all painful Nervous Diseases.—A treatise by a well-known physician, a specialist on these subjects, concludes as follows: "Neuralgia is one of the most painful of diseases, and is attended with more or less nervous irritation. Sciatica is also a form of Neuralgia, and all painful nervous diseases come under that name. Neuralgia means nerve ache, and therefore you can suffer with neuralgia in any part of the body, as the nerves are supplied to every part.

"I have for many years closely studied the cause of neuralgia, and the nature of the nervous system, with the many diseases it is subject to, and have found by actual experience that the true and primary cause of neuralgia is poverty of the nervous fluid—it becomes impoverished and poor, and in some cases starved, not because the patient does not eat, but because what is eaten is not appropriated to the nervous system: there are many causes for this, but Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills have in my hands proved a perfect remedy for this condition and these diseases."

Sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cents a box. Depot, 106 North Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. By mail, two boxes for $1.00, or six boxes for $2.50, to any address.

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SKIN CURE

Is Warranted to Cure

ECZEMA, TETTERS, HUMORS, INFLAMMATION, MILK CRUST, ALL ROUGH SCALY ERUPTIONS, DISEASES OF HAIR AND SCALP, SCROFULA ULCERS, PIMPLES and TENDER ITCHINGS on all parts of the body. It makes the skin white, soft and smooth; removes tan and freckles, and is the BEST toilet dressing in THE WORLD. Elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment.

All first class druggists have it. Price $1. per package.

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For the Distribution, at uniformly low prices, of Reliable Dry Goods, Ready Made Suits for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children; Hats, Boots and Shoes, and Ladies' and Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods of every kind.

Goods sent all over the U. S. by mail, and samples sent when requested.

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We offer Highest Cash Wages for Work at your own Home, either all the time or evenings. Will pay regular salary for entire services, $10 to $30 per week, according to ability. Full information for Stamp.

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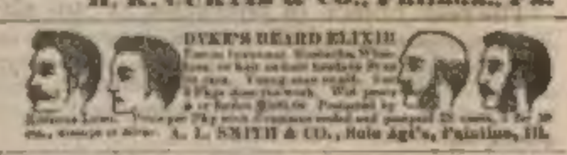

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50 ELEGANT New Imported Styles of Chromos, Our Fruit, Flowers and Bird Series, in Beautiful Colors, name in Fancy Script-Type, 10c. Agents Sample-Book, 25c. CARD MILLS, Northford, Ct.

VIOLIN Big Bargains. 44-page Catalogue, all kinds of instruments, free. Lowest prices. G. B. W. BAYES, Importer, Boston, Mass.

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VALUABLE BOOKS at 2½ CTS. EACH!

READ THIS GREAT OFFER By One of the Most Reliable Publishing Houses in New York! Realizing the great popular demand for books, and being determined to outdo all competitors, we have just published, in neat pamphlet form, handsomely illustrated, **Ten Valuable Works**, by some of the greatest authors in the world, all of which we will send by mail post-paid, upon receipt of **Only Twenty-five Cents** in postage stamps! The titles of the books are as follows: 1. **Sketches of Foreign Travel**, an interesting and instructive description of the wonders of strange foreign lands, manners and customs of the people, etc.; with 19 Illustrations. 2. **Household Art and Home Adornment**, containing easy and practical instructions in Drawing, Oil Painting, and making Wax Flowers and all kinds of fancy articles, such as Baskets, Wall Pockets, Wax Baskets, Fancy Needlework, Embroidery, etc.; with 77 Illustrations. 3. **Our American Humorists**, a large collection of the most laughable writings of all the celebrated "funny men" of the present day. 4. **Farm, Garden, and Household Economy**, a book full of valuable information for the farmer and housewife, with any quantity of new and useful receipts. 5. **"The Fatal Marriage,"** a novel, by Miss M. E. Braddon, author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.; Illustrated. 6. **"The Mystery of Morwick Farm,"** a novel, by Wilkie Collins, author of "The Woman in White," etc.; Illustrated. 7. **"Under Life's Key,"** a novel, by Mary Cecil Hay, author of "For Her Dear Sake," etc.; Illustrated. 8. **"The Last of the Ruthvens,"** a novel, by Miss Mulock, author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc.; Illustrated. 9. **"Pascoe Flowers,"** a novel, by Beatrice May Butt, author of "Miss Molly," etc.; Illustrated. 10. **"Vanedene,"** a novel, by the author of "Stanhope," etc.; Illustrated. Thus you will see that there are six splendid novels and four other works, making ten in all, and we will send you the entire lot, by mail post-paid, upon receipt of **Only Twenty-five Cents** in postage stamps. Was there ever such a chance for getting so much for so little money before? Twenty-five cents invested in these books now will furnish enjoyment for the whole family for many a long evening during the coming winter, to say nothing of the valuable information you will derive from them. Just think of ten **valuable Books for 25 Cents!** Don't miss the chance! Send for them, and if you can conscientiously say that you are not perfectly satisfied, we will refund your money and make you a present of them! Not less than the entire lot of ten will be sent. **For $1.00 we will send Five Sets** of the ten books; therefore by showing this advertisement and getting four of your neighbors to buy one set each, you can get your own books free. As to our reliability, we refer to any newspaper publisher in New York, and to the Commercial Agencies, as we have been long established and are well known. Please state in what paper you saw this advertisement. Address, F. M. LUPTON, Publisher, 27 Park Place, New York.

Facetiæ.

"Let us spray," said the fountain.

The man with an impediment in his speech never speaks well of anybody.

Is it right to go fishing considering that if you succeed you have to hook things?

One swallow does not make one summer, but too many swallows will make one fall.

Some men swear off, others oil and on, and others, again, pretty much everywhere.

"Signs of an early fall," Fogg remarked, as he saw the banana skins scattered around the sidewalk.

Corn is the worst used of all the cereals. No matter how fruitful it is, it is only grown to have its ears pulled.

"There's something as old as the hills, anyhow," said old Uncle Reuben. "What are they?" asked his niece. "They are the valleys between 'em, child."

"Well," said he, when he first saw a band of painted Sioux in Dakota, "I shall never believe, after this, that Indians are as bad as they're painted, anyhow."

"The difference," said the cook, "between a child of royal birth and a young lunch, is that one is tended in splendor, and the othe other is splendid'n tender.

One of the saddest sights in the world is to see a young man trying to treat his sweetheart's small and depraved brother as though he were his dearest friend.

A tremendous explosion recently occurred in a hall in Cincinnati in which over two thousand people were assembled, but no one was hurt. It was an explosion of laughter.

Lord Beaconsfield said there were many people who would resolve to lead virtuous lives on the principle that "virtue is its own reward," if they could only get the reward in advance.

It is hard to tell which is the most ridiculous the young fool or the old fool; but the old fool has this advantage: he will never be a young fool, whereas the young fool may perhaps some day be an old fool.

Professor: "Which is the most delicate of the senses?" Pupil: "The touch." "Prove it." Pupil: "When you sit on a pin you can't see it—you can't hear it—you can't taste it—you can't smell it—but it's there."

There is a man on one of the Lake Erie islands who snores so regularly, and casts so much vim and earnestness into his snoring, that pilots use him as a guide by which to steer their steamers round the locality on dark nights.

The school committee of a town in Maine have invented a new verb. They allude in their annual report to the influences which "derrick up to a better life." The word is a little better than "hoist," which has heretofore served to express in common speech the same idea.

To Accommodate the Public.

The proprietors of that immensely popular remedy, Kidney-Wort, in recognition of the claims of the public which has so liberally patronized them, have prepared a liquid preparation of that remedy for the special accommodation of those who from any reason dislike to prepare it for themselves. It is very concentrated, and, as the dose is small, it is more easily taken by many. It has the same effectual action in all diseases of the kidneys, liver, or bowels.—Home and Farm.

☞ **When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.**

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ADJUSTABLE CHAIR,

With Thirty Changes of Positions.

READING POSITION.

Parlor, Library, Invalid Chair, Child's Crib, Bed, or Lounge, combining beauty, lightness, strength, simplicity, and comfort. Everything to an exact science. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Goods shipped C. O. D. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular, and quote SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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WILSON ADJUSTABLE CHAIR M'F'G. CO., 661 Broadway, N. Y.

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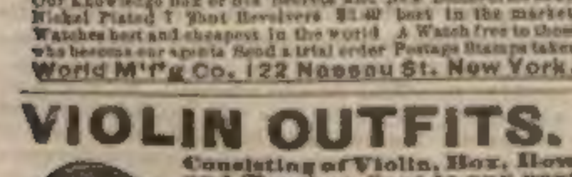
FUN FOR THE BOYS

False Mustaches made of genuine hair. Can be put on or off instantly. Lots of fun at the sudden change. Three colors, light, dark brown and black. MUSTACHES by mail 20 CTS., 3 for 50 CTS., GOATEES TO MATCH 15 CTS. EACH. Prof. Heller's Magical Trick Cards 15 cts. Trick Cigarette Case 15 cts. Bewitched Tobacco Box 25 cts. Surprise Needle Watch Charm 50 cts. New Wooden Sled call 50 cts. Mechanical Grasshopper jumps 40 feet high 10 cents. Young's Great Book of 400 Secrets or how to make $10 a day without capital 50 cts. Perfect Etiquette or how to behave in society 30 cts. Comic Perfect Letter Writer 30 cts. Ladies' perfect Letter Writer 30 cts. Selections for Autograph Albums 30 cts. Secrets of Ancient and Modern Magic 25 cts. Old Gypsey Madge's Fortune Teller 25 cts. Mystery of Love Making Solved 25 cts. Horse Owners Guide 25 cts. Mermaid Mirth for Funny Fellows 15 cts. Shawmen's Guide 15 cts. Our Knowledge Box or 614 Secrets and New Discoveries 25 cts. Nickel Plated 7 Shot Revolvers $1.40 best in the market. Watches best and cheapest in the world. A Watch free to those who become our agents. Send a trial order. Postage Stamps taken.

World M'f'g Co., 122 Nassau St. New York.

VIOLIN OUTFITS.

Consisting of Violin, Box, Bow and Teacher, Sent to any part of the United States on 5 to 15 days trial before buying.



Violin Outfits

at $8.50, $7., $10. & $22. each. Send Stamp for Beautifully Illustrated 32 page Catalogue of Violins, Guitars, Banjos, Cornets, Flutes, Strings of all kinds, Harmonicas, Organ Accordeons, Music Boxes, &c. Lowest Prices. Mail Orders a Specialty. C. W. Story, 36 Central St. Boston, Mass.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Woman can Sympathize with Woman. Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female populaties.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

☞ Sold by all Druggists. ☜

KIDNEY-WORT

THE GREAT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

As it is for all diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.

It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.

THOUSANDS OF CASES

of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, in a short time

PERFECTLY CURED.

KIDNEY-WORT

has had wonderful success, and an immense sale in every part of the Country. In hundreds of cases it has cured where all else had failed. It is mild, but efficient, CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION, but harmless in all cases.

☞ It cleanses, Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system.

As it has been proved by thousands that

KIDNEY-WORT

is the most effectual remedy for cleansing the system of all morbid secretions. It should be used in every household as a

SPRING MEDICINE.

Always cures BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, PILES and all FEMALE Diseases.

Is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in tin cans, one package of which makes 6 quarts medicine.

Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated for the convenience of those who cannot readily prepare it. *It acts with equal efficiency in either form.*

GET IT OF YOUR DRUGGIST. PRICE, $1.00

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ASTHMA *Quickly and Permanently* **CURED**

Dr. Stinson's Asthma Remedy is unequaled as a positive Alterative and Cure for Asthma and Dyspepsia, and all their attendant evils. It does not merely afford temporary relief, but is a permanent cure. Mrs. B. F. Loy, of Belmore, O., says of it: "*I am surprised at the speedy effects of your remedy. It is the first medicine in six years that has loosened my cough and made expectoration easy. I now sleep all night without coughing.*" If your druggist does not keep it, send for treatise and testimonials to

H. P. K. PECK & CO., 353 Broadway, New York.

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40 Floral Hand and Bouquet Chromo Cards, name on 10c. Franklin Printing Co., New Haven, Ct.

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A PRINCELY GIFT!
A GORGEOUS PREMIUM!!
SCIENCE TRIUMPHANT!
DETECTION IMPOSSIBLE!!

DIAMANTE BRILLIANTS IN WARRANTED SOLID GOLD SETTINGS.

Diamante Brilliants must not be confounded with the French paste and glass imitations, mounted in cheap gilt or plated settings, with which the country is flooded under the various fancy names given to so-called "imitation diamonds." **Diamante Brilliants** were exhibited side by side with real diamonds of great value at the Paris Exhibition and were awarded a Prize Medal, and the highest recompense awarded to imitations. They attracted universal admiration, and immediately took the place of, and were interchanged with, costly diamond ornaments, and are now worn at the Court balls and upon all occasions among the best society in London, Paris, and all the capitals of Europe. **Diamante Brilliants** can be worn at all times, in daylight or gaslight, with perfect confidence and absolute security, as they possess all the brilliancy and penetrating lustre peculiar to real diamonds, and are the only PERFECT SUBSTITUTES FOR DIAMONDS OF THE FIRST WATER. By their purity and brilliancy they bear comparison with old mine diamonds, and resemble them so closely that detection is almost impossible. They are superior in every respect to real diamonds of inferior quality. The investigations, experiments, and labor of two generations have been expended in bringing these remarkable jewels to their present state of perfection. They are produced chemically by a secret process, known only to the Inventors, and they possess all the rare beauty of the gems they counterfeit.

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"Their lustre and brilliancy elicit universal admiration."—*Court Journal.*—"Products of perfect purity."—*Journal Society of the Arts.*—"Certainly far nearer in resemblance to real diamonds than anything we have seen."—*The Mechanic.*—"A great achievement."—*Land and Water.*—"The refractive power is equal to real diamonds of the purest water."—*World of Science.*—"They successfully fulfil all the purposes for which real diamonds (even of the first quality) are utilized."—*London Times.*—"Ladies who can afford to wear the real gem will henceforth reserve them for indoors, for since the advent of 'Diamante Brilliants' things are no longer what they seem."—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

The reputation of **Diamante Brilliants** is permanently established abroad, and we take great pleasure in bringing them prominently to the notice of their sale. To do so properly requires some nerve and a liberal outlay of capital. These magnificent stones are imported especially for us, and are set in SOLID GOLD, made in Philadelphia to our order, by one of the largest firms engaged in the manufacture of pure gold jewelry in this country. All the stones are set by professional diamond-setters, and as much skill bestowed upon them as with the precious stones. For the purpose of simplifying our business we use but three sizes of the New Diamonds. **The Ring, warranted solid gold, one-half karat stone. The Earrings, warranted solid gold, each 1 karat stone. The Stud, warranted solid gold, 2 karat stone.** The illustrations give an accurate outline of the style and setting, but no illustration or description can give an idea of their rare beauty. THEY MUST BE SEEN TO BE APPRECIATED. A RING, same style and quality of setting, but with an inferior stone, has never been sold for less than $1.00. We can safely say the same of the STUD; and EARRINGS, of inferior quality and style, have never been sold for less than $4.00. In London, to-day, Diamante Brilliants, same size stone and quality of settings, are selling for three to four times the prices named above, and we believe them well worth $5 each. SO MUCH FOR THEIR VALUE, AS WE WANT THEM CLEARLY UNDERSTOOD.

"What! all this trouble and expense about a Premium for your paper?" Yes, Indeed! We can't select a Premium that will please everybody in a day, or a year, perhaps, yet we have expended so much time, thought, and labor on these—we are having the settings made, and the counting under our own roof almost—we feel emphatically they will make every recipient happy. We are ambitious to give THE POST the largest circle of readers of any weekly in the Continent, and we propose to work for it, spend money for it, and use every honorable means to attain our object. THE POST is not an experiment; it is the oldest literary and family paper in America—now in its sixtieth year—and our **Superb Diamond Premium** offers deserve more attention than the many tempting premiums of irresponsible parties. THE POST is a large, sixteen-page weekly, and aims to interest every member of the home circle. *At $2 a year it is the cheapest paper in existence to-day.* THIS IS NOT A CHEAP JEWELRY ADVERTISEMENT. **We don't sell Diamante Brilliants; we Give them away to Subscribers, and to Club Raisers for The Post.**

For a Premium to Each Subscriber Read Terms on Page 8.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 720 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gents' Solid Gold Stem-Winding Watches.

Several months ago we commenced the manufacture of a Ladies' Watch, 18 Solid Gold Hunting Cases and put it on sale at a price never before attempted or even thought of in this Country. The watch sprang into favor at once, and has met with such an Unprecedented Demand that we were satisfied the public needed, and would sustain us in bringing out a good gold watch for Gentlemen, if got up in the same elegant style as our Ladies' Watch and was sold at a moderate price. We therefore set seven of our most skilful men to work getting up new machinery for the manufacture of Cases, and after much experimenting we have perfected powerful presses, by the aid of which, we are able to make from the Bar of Solid Gold, the half of a Watch Case at a single turn of the wheel, and with these machines we make watch cases almost as fast as one can count (and it is only by the use of such machinery which greatly reduces the cost of manufacture and the rapidity with which we are able to turn them out that we can sell the watches at the extremely low price we do.) The cases are made in the latest and most fashionable shapes, and after being perfectly formed in the press they are finished by skilled Hand-work and elegantly engraved at a great expense, after the most tasteful patterns and in elaborate designs. The movements are Nickel Full Jeweled Levers, they are manufactured especially for us by one of the most celebrated swiss makers. Every movement is thoroughly adjusted and regulated before leaving the factory and is guaranteed a good time-keeper. We make our Gentleman's Gold Watches in both Key and Stem-Winding Styles, and for beauty of finish, and accuracy in time-keeping qualities, they are unequaled, and in price we defy competition. Every watch is sent out packed in a beautiful velvet or satin lined case.

Price of the Gents' Solid Gold Hunting Cased Key Winding Watch, is $27.50 but to any person who will act as agent and will order a watch as a sample to show his friends and take orders with, we will send a watch for $25.00. Price of our Gentlemen's Stem Winding and Stem Setting Hunting Cased Solid Gold Watch, is $33.00; but any person who wishes to act as agent, and orders a watch for a sample to show and take orders with, we will send a watch for $30.00. When the full amount of cash is sent with the order, we will forward the watch by Registered mail. When $2.00 is sent with the order we will forward sample watch by express C. O. D. for the balance. Send Post Office Money Order or Registered Letter.

World Manufacturing Co., 122 Nassau Street, New York.

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Piano or Organ playing learned in ONE DAY!

MASON'S CHART. A child 10 years old can understand it perfectly.

This most wonderful invention has been before the public (in its perfected form) but a short time and the sales have been immense, which is the surest test of its unparalleled merits; and orders are received from every country on the globe. It is a new theory, and a decided departure from the old method. **Mason's Chart** fits over the keys of a Piano or Organ, *indicating exactly where and how the hands are to be placed, and the proper keys to strike*, changing to position and arrangement to suit the key in which the piece is written that you wish to play. *They are perfectly infallible in their results.* If you can read you can play the Piano or Organ in **one day** better than some teachers could teach you in three months. If you have no Piano you can learn at some friend's house, and astonish all with your knowledge. DEXTER SMITH, the editor of the leading Musical Paper in the world, says: "*They should find a place in every house, whether there is a Piano or Organ or not. They are to Music what the Multiplication Table is to Arithmetic.*" It gives decided satisfaction to every one. It cannot do otherwise serving as it does, *a hundredfold for cost*, and in its **great simplicity** has its unequalled success. MUSIC TEACHERS THEMSELVES CONSIDERATIOLY ENDORSE IT. The price is **one dollar** *for a complete set* (8 forms) and includes payment of postage by us at **$27 per doz. to Agents,** *or the trade by express.* **Special offer,** to every purchaser of MASON CHARTS who will state in what paper they saw the advertisement, and will agree to show the Charts to their friends, we will give as a **PRESENT our Music Album with 47 CHOICE PIECES OF MUSIC WITH COMPLETE WORDS AND MUSIC.** These wishing the Album sent by mail pre-paid will enclose 15 cts. extra, otherwise send by express. Price of Album without the Chart 75 cts. No one will ever learning to play the Piano or Organ, it is the greatest of all accomplishments. Address **Spaulding & Co.,** 57 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS., *Agents.*

FREE EMORY'S STANDARD CURE. Purely Vegetable Sugar Coated Pills A never-failing remedy for FEVER and AGUE, BILIOUSNESS, and MALARIAL DISEASES. Contains no Quinine, Mercury, or poisons of any kind. TRIAL BOX SENT FREE. Address Standard Cure Co., 114 Nassau St, New York City.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF By sending 25c money, or 40c postage stamps, with age, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife with name and date of marriage. W. FOX, Box 44, Fultonville, N. Y.

70 YOUR NAME Printed with new copper-plate type, on 70 New and Elegant Bouquet, Scroll, Floral and Gold Chromo Cards, Style, Beauty and Quality can't be beat, for 10c. Samples 10 cents. Address, G. A. SPRING, New Haven, Conn.

50 Lovely Floral, motto, hand and bouquet Chromo Cards, beautiful colors, name 10c. Chas. Kay, New Haven, Ct.

50 Landscape, Sea-View, Album, &c. Cards in case, with name, 10c. Vann & Co., Fair Haven, Ct.

RIDGE'S FOOD The Most Reliable Food For Infants & Invalids. Used everywhere. Not a medicine, but a steam-cooked food, suited to the weakest stomach. Take no other. Sold by druggists. WOOLRICH & Co. on every label.

Agents wanted, $5 a Day made selling our NEW HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES and FAMILY SCALE. Weighs up to 24 lbs. Sells at $1.50. DOMESTIC SCALE CO., Cincinnati, O.

2,000 Great Secrets, Arts, Discoveries, Receipts, etc., (A rare and wonderful book.) Mailed for 25cts. by Waverly Pub. Co., Syracuse, N. Y. costing **$26,500**

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.—Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame Wambold, 24 Sawyer St., Boston, Mass.

30 Lovely Moss Rose and Ass't Chromo Cards, name on 10c. American Card Co., West Haven, Conn.

AUTOMATIC ORGANS, ONLY $35.00. THEO. J. HARTACH, 820 Filbert St., Phila., Pa.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE most fashionable materials for winter dresses will be moire, plush, and a new twilled silk called Rhadames, which is to supersede Merveilleux. It is twilled on both sides, but differently—the lustrous twill of satin is on the right side, and that merely of pure silk on the wrong side.

For plain skirts there are striped plushes—thin lines of various dark shades; others with ribbed stripes on shot grounds; others again with plaid stripes. Then there are alternate moire and watered stripes, and there are watered velvets as well as watered plushes; but the handsomest of all materials have shot satin grounds, with large brocaded figures over them. These are most stately.

The principal colors for autumn wear will be—flame, nasturtium, dead leaf, old green, all dark greens, faded old-gold, and a shade copied from the inside of a ripe melon.

The striped plush skirts will be untrimmed, and a dark woolen polonaise to harmonise, made with triple paniers, will be worn over them.

The old-fashioned flounces of twenty years ago are revived, and when made of broche velvet on satin grounds are very rich.

For winter wear there is a new *velant fourrure*, or plush flounce, which is as rich as fur, and has a pile as long as fringe. In each flounce, which is as several different lengths of pile, beginning at the top with thick, short pile, and ending with fleece two inches long. There are also Bayadere plush flounces, the plush stripes alternating with satin stripes of dark coloring, as plum, dahlia, etc. Indeed, never has more or better provision been made for re-trimming dresses.

There are some new laces, both for lingerie and dress trimmings, as, for example, Mauresque lace, which is darned like Breton lace, but in bolder designs, almost covering the net foundation, the edge terminating with a purl or picot. Tunis lace is new and effective, being heavy, and should be sewn on as trimming without fulness. Ivory white and shrimp pink ribbons are more used in in lingerie than any other colors.

The new fringes are exceptionally handsome; some are a foot deep, made of chenille tied in meshes, each pendant strand terminating with a large cut jet bead. Such fringes are used in rows as a tablier, and the beads are so large that they clink like castanets at the wearer moves. Beaded plush, forming a wide galon, is a novel trimming for the lace brocade mantles with striped plush lining that will be worn as the season advances.

Checked and striped woolen fabrics, checked serges—notably with striped borders for trimmings—light flannels, French and American bunting, cheviot cloth, and limousine are the favorite materials for autumn costumes, which are invariably made with the short round skirt. This skirt is either pleated all the way up to the waist, or trimmed with flounces put on in wide flat pleats or hollow pleats divided by plain spaces. In the latter case, some semblance of a scarf-drapery is generally arranged over the upper part of the skirt and loosely tied behind.

Bodices are made up in a variety of ways. There is the basque-bodice, with rounded basque in front, and either a plain or plaited postilion behind; and there is also the peaked bodice, with flat paniers at the sides, and the round waist bodice, worn with a belt and shirred at the shoulders and at the waist.

Skirts are less scant and clinging than heretofore, and trimmings are beginning to be put on plain rather than gathered or fluted.

Lace is still a great favorite in the way of trimmings, but the *furore* just now is for embroidery.

The embroidery patterns are worked in silk or fine wool, instead of cotton, for the autumn and winter. The patterns are in large open-work designs, in the *Broderie Anglaise* style.

Flounces, put on almost plain, plastrons, revers, facings, cuffs, collars, and plain panels are embroidered in this way with silk or wool, either of another shade or of a contrasting color.

A very pretty half-mourning dress of this style is made as follows: Round skirt, with very slightly gathered flounce twenty inches deep round the bottom; this flounce is made of French moire, and trimmed with open-work embroidery worked in lilac silk. A fluted balayeuse of lilac silk shows beyond; above the flounce there is a drapery of black veiling. Bodice of black veiling, with plain revers of the moire; similar revers are placed top and bottom over the sleeves.

The embroidery is worked over cashmere as well as over silk; and thus black dresses, worn at first for mourning, can be freshened up and made to look brighter by the addition of colored embroidery patterns.

Ladies possessing dresses of French moire, long put away on account of the inconstancy of fashion, will do well to cut them up and use them in combination with cashmere, making up a pretty and fashionable toilet. They need not grieve at the cutting-up business, for as I said just now, though fashion takes up things that have been long laid aside, it is never quite in the same way; and it would be an error to suppose the moire dress of twenty years ago would ever be fashionable again exactly as it is.

Moire antique threatens to dethrone even satin, so popular has it become since its appearance among us a few weeks ago. For evening toilettes, it looks lovely combined with Indian muslin or voile, and we shall expect to see our brides adopting it soon as the recognized bridal costume.

Increased length is perceptible in the majority of all outside garments imported for the approaching season; this is seen in the simplest paletots as well as in luxurious great cloaks for midwinter, which are now fifty-two inches long, and envelop the wearer from head to foot; otherwise there is very little change in shapes, and if the materials are suitable, the cloaks of last winter can be worn again without being altered. The Directoire styles are repeated for coats, while jackets are in plain French shapes rather than the masculine and jaunty English styles so long in vogue. For cloaks the straight Japanese garments with square sleeves, or else with full bishop's sleeves, remain most in favor. Plush is the favorite material of the season, and will be used not merely for trimmings and for jackets, but for long cloaks as well.

Elegant cloth jackets for the autumn are made tight-fitting and double-breasted. Dark green is the favorite color, and bids fair entirely to supersede the long popular seal-brown for the autumn and winter.

More dressy mantles are made in the pelisse style of heavy satin or brocaded silk. For the *demi-saison* they are trimmed with Spanish blond. The hood is quite gone out of fashion, but a tiny cape, or rather very large collar, finely shirred, is a fashionable finish to both dresses and mantles. Sleeves are shirred top and bottom and are full in the middle.

A large bow of plush or of satin placed on the tournure to give the stylishly bouffant effect is to be found on the newest mantles. The trimming about the neck is very full, consisting of plaited velvet, a shirred collar, a plain deep collar of feathers or of plush, or else some ornamental arrangement of passementerie and lace. Jet and colored beads in amber and bronze shades are used for trimmings, but there are a greater number of passementerie ornaments without beads.

For the *demi-saison* very pretty scarf mantelets of plain velvet are worn in dark shades of seal-brown, or myrtle green, or in black. They are trimmed with chenille fringe or with black Spanish lace. Separate bodices are made not only of moire, but of plain velvet and also of plain cloth. Dark green cloth is in largeness favor this autumn, and is used also for out-of-door jackets and long redingotes. One of the favorite models of the season is the coachman's redingote—a long, semi-fitting garment, with three seams in the back. It is made of dark green or of putty-colored cloth; also of the new cheviot cloths, in indistinct check patterns of dull mixed colors.

Demi-saison and early winter bonnets are now to be seen at our leading modistes, and the materials used evince variety and ingenuity. Feathers play a more prominent role than flowers; there is feather lace which is new, and several bonnets and hats are made entirely of feathers. Plush, velours du Nord, Lyons velvet, and napped felt are the popular fabrics in winter millinery. Felt, indeed, has quite revived, particularly for small bonnets that are well nigh concealed with plush and feather trimmings; while in larger bonnets this new napped felt is brushed smooth and glossy, except on the brim, which is left unbrushed to make it look like fur or plush. Other models have a border of clipped ostrich feathers woven in the brim. The crowns of felt bonnets are somewhat tapering and the brims are raised; the more elegant velvet toques have soft crowns and are decidedly small.

Fireside Chat.

DRYING FLOWERS.

IN answer to inquiries for drying flowers, the following is the most appropriate method:

For a first trial, take a common cigar-box, or any box of convenient size. You may also bore several holes in the bottom, and over these holes paste strong stiff paper.

The next thing of importance is the preparation of the sand. Fine river-sand, baked thoroughly dry, is the best adapted for this purpose. The leaves of many flowers are so glutinous, that sand adheres to them with great tenacity, which will spoil the dried specimens. To prevent this, the sand is prepared in the following manner:—To twelve and one-half pounds of well-dried or baked sand, take one ounce of stearin. Put the sand in a large flat pan over a good fire, heat it to such a degree that a small piece of stearin will immediately melt on it (the stearin should be scraped into fine shavings;) now scatter over one or two teaspoonfuls of it on the heated sand, being careful to stir the whole thoroughly and constantly. After the first portion has been well-absorbed by the sand, add another spoonful, and so on until the whole has been added. This requires care and some patience; do not get tired of stirring, and do not take the pan from the fire until every grain has received its proper share of stearin.

Now pick out the flowers you wish to dry; they should be free from dew or any moisture; through a fine sieve, sift a layer of sand a quarter of an inch deep into the box; now lay carefully as many flowers and leaves on the sand as you can; the space between the larger flowers may be filled up by the smaller ones; on this layer of flowers, carefully sift another layer of sand; do not press the sand down with your hands, this would spoil the natural shape of the flowers; but knock gently, with your fingers, on the sides and bottom of the box, until every little space, between and under the flowers, is well filled up; then put in another layer of flowers, and proceed as before, until the box is full. Tie down the lid with good strong cord, and put the box in a warm place. If, in your own house, place under or near a stove, or take the box to your baker's, and put the box in a good warm position on his oven. In two or four days the flowers will be perfectly dry, if the situation is really warm. When only placed in the sun, it requires a much longer time.

When you wish to take out the flowers, cut through the bottom, and let the sand slowly run out. The flowers at first are so brittle that you cannot take them out without breaking them; put the box in a cool, moist place in a cellar or a ditch, for several hours; you may then safely remove the contents.

Do not expect to find every flower perfect; some will be spoiled in shape and color. With a little experience, you will soon learn to know that, and leave them out in future trials. But others you will find in splendid condition, and these will amply repay you for all your trouble. After some practice, you will learn to dry your favorites on a larger scale.

These flowers are very beautiful for winter bouquets, and will look well for a long time, if protected from the rays of the sun.

With flowers furnished with long, slender stems and leaves, you may always be successful. Sunflowers, pinks, primulas, forget-me-nots, honeysuckles, pansies, sweet peas, etc., are very reliable, but experience will teach you best which to select. Flowers with thick, full corolla, also tulips, hyacinths, etc., are entirely useless for this purpose.

Workcases.—So innumerable are the shapes in which receptacles for work may be made now-a-days that it would be far too great a task in these pages to attempt to give detailed directions for making them all; nevertheless, on the other hand they are so useful and so appropriate, either for presents or for sale at bazaars, besides affording such a scope for ornamentation of all descriptions, that we trust a few details may be useful and not too tedious to our readers. Some of them are rather too intricate to be described on paper with the clearness we could desire, but in such cases the directions must be read line by line, and the work carried out as they are read. Brown holland cloth, silk, satin, cloth, velvet, plush, embroidery of various kinds, and even patchwork, may all be utilized for the pretty outsides of these cases; the lining, of course, must agree with the outside in color, but need not, in most instances, be of such a rich material.

To begin with the most simple shape of workcase, that of an envelope:—Cut a piece of material (nothing is better than brown holland if intended for really hard wear) about fourteen inches long and eight inches wide. Turn up about five inches at one end to form a pocket, bind the upper edge of it and tack it roughly into place, taking care that it is turned up quite evenly. Round the other end of the material to make a flap, and bind the case all round with blue or scarlet braid or ribbon. Stitch some semi-circular leaves of flannel into the round end to serve as a needle-book, and add a loop and a button, or strings, to fasten it. These are sometimes made with a pocket at each end by cutting the material twenty inches long instead of fourteen, and turning up five inches at each end. Some of the prettiest workcases we ever saw were made in this way, of satin patch-work.

The diamonds of which the patchwork was made were rather small, and where the joins came lines of feather-stitch were worked in bright silk, each point of the diamonds was finished with a French knot made of the same silk as the feather-stitch. A cord of various colors finished off the edges. Made the size of a folded handkerchief, cases similar to these are well adapted for presents as pocket handkerchief sachets; they look best made of quilted satin, finished off all round outside with fine cord. If desired, a little sachet powder may be dusted into the wadding. But to return to workcases.

Correspondence.

K. L. M., (Austin, Tex.)—As far as we know they are entirely reliable.

SUB, (Chagrin Falls.)—We are not in need of any such matter at present.

H. E., (Pittsburg, Pa.)—By the census of 1880, the population of your town is 156,381.

J. T. F., (Cleveland, O.)—The woman was an imposter. We have no lady correspondents in your city.

RUSTIC, (Paris, Tenn.)—*Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit* is Latin, and means "He touched nothing he did not ornament."

G. H. P., (Hillsdale, N. Y.)—Write the figures on a piece of paper and hold it facing the light. You will then see its meaning.

JENNIE, (Morristown, N. J.)—We really cannot inform you of any process for the purpose. Crushing and boiling the sap until the oil is left, seems about the only method.

ED, (St. Louis, Mo.)—Your handwriting is large, clear, and easily read, but it is yet unformed. You are on the right road, however, and will doubtless become a good writer in time.

W. H. T., (Edgefield, S. C.)—We are opposed to correspondence between utter strangers. No good that we see can come of it and harm may. For this reason we cannot do as you request.

LETTER, (Portland, Me.)—Matter which is in writing, or other matter containing a written inscription in the nature of personal correspondence, and matter which is sealed against inspection, are alone by their nature and the intent of the law first-class matter, and subject to the postage rate of three cents for each half-ounce or fraction thereof.

P. G. P., (Gaffney, S. C.)—If the lady is willing, you having been introduced to her, there is no reason why you should not correspond. Remember the essential thing is the consent of the lady. If you have not obtained this do not expose yourself to a rebuff and refusal by writing without it. 2. Address the Central News Company, this city.

B. W., (Canada.)—To stop gossipping tongues it would be well to wait for a year after the death of the wife, before your friend takes the step he evidently contemplates. Under the circumstances, however, should the care of the children seem to require it, it is violating no just law either of decency or society to consider six months as a sufficient time.

HATTIE H., (Alexandria, Va.)—Strictly speaking, there is no river Oregon. When Bryant's "Thanatopsis" was written, the present State of Oregon was hardly known and quite uninhabited. Wishing a simile for utter desolation, he speaks of where "rolls the Oregon," that is, the waters of that country. Barca is on the Barbary coast in Africa. It was formerly considered a vast desert, uninhabited and uninhabitable.

R. E. L., (Newark Valley, O.)—We think that if the letter was returned to you without an answer or comment, the lady took the most forcible, but rather coarse, way to say she did not wish to have anything to do with you. This is the only way in which the action can be interpreted, so you had better think of looking elsewhere. It would, perhaps, have been more manly to have said something, but she is the judge of her own actions and may do as she thinks fit.

MISS B., (Cal.)—1. There is no harm riding and driving as you say, unless people know you do, and you really do it, for the sole purpose of meeting the young man. 2. You can very properly ask him out to see you, without showing any too great anxiety that he accept your invitation. 3. You did right in the matter of accepting his invitation in the store. 4. We think that he is fond of you and only needs opportunity to say so. 5. Your handwriting is easily read, but without any special quality either good or bad.

M. L. B., (Double Bridge, Tenn.)—A saloon-keeper may be as good as anybody else, although, perhaps, such a business and its necessary associations may place one in a suspicious light. If you find the man what you wish, apart from his calling, we do not think it wise to let this influence you. All you need bear in mind is that before accepting anyone's attentions, you should know what he is. Whether right or wrong the world at large would approve of a double share of this prudence in a case like yours.

E. J. G., (Roanoke, Ala.)—1. They are the finest imitation of the diamond ever invented, and are in three forms: stud, finger-rings, and earrings. They are not sold apart from subscriptions for the paper. 2. There is apparently such a letter "M" on the new silver dollar, but what it means we do not know. On some of our coins, generally on the face, you will find small letters such as "S," "C," "D," etc. These indicate New Orleans, San Francisco, Carson, etc., and mean that the pieces were coined in those cities. Those in which such a letter cannot be seen are, we believe, coined at Philadelphia. 3. We believe he is a Congregationalist. His whereabouts we do not know.

P. P. P., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Don't get frightened. It is not likely your foot will grow much longer. 2. The proper age to begin to shave is when your beard is grown. Some young men begin to shave when they are fourteen or fifteen, while others do not require to have a razor put to their face until they are out of their teens. Shaving encourages the growth of the beard. 3. Either work hard or take plenty of exercise, keep your mind occupied with study or business, never sleep during the day, and go to bed at eleven o'clock and rise at six in the morning. 4. You must be sure that the lady loves you before you dare approach her, to declare to her your passion. If she truly loves you, she will give you opportunities to discover the state of your feelings; if she does not afford you such opportunities, depend upon it she prefers some other young man to you.

DAISY, (Iowa City.)—1. The nicest gift you could give the young man—and it would be quite proper to give him one under the circumstances—would be something done by yourself. As you paint a little, why not present him with a sketch from your own hand? Nothing could be more suitable, and it would solve the difficulty. 2. We are not believers in telling characters from handwriting, but in your case since you ask it, we will make an attempt. You are somewhat nervous and also slightly careless. You sometimes act without having fully made up your mind what to do. You are generous and good-natured. In what you undertake you are not over-constant, that is, you are disposed to follow new fancies. We do not mean this in matters of the heart, but art, dress, etc. 3. We are not judges of such things, but from your complexion, eyes and hair, blue and white, with complementing colors, should be most suitable